

TERMS. One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum if paid in advance; Two dollars if paid within the year; Two dollars and fifty cents if payment is delayed beyond the year.
Any person who will obtain six good subscribers, shall be entitled to a seventh copy for one year.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
Postmasters are permitted by law to frank all subscriptions and remittances for newspapers, without expense to subscribers.

MAINE FARMER.

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Turnips and Turnip Liqueur.

We do not know whether the common flat English turnip, as we call it, is any more nutritive in England than in America. We presume that there is no difference, and yet the farmers make great account of it in England, while here, most of our farmers despise it. It has been asserted that the culture of turnips has more than doubled the stock in Great Britain.

It seems that men, so shrewd, and so well able to calculate profit and loss as the English are, would not cultivate this root so largely if there were no profit in it. They can raise every thing that we do, except Indian corn. Why then should there be so much difference in their and our mode of rearing and feeding stock? It may be answered, that their climate, being more moist than ours, enables them to raise turnips easier than we do; and their winters, being milder, enable them to let their cattle run among the turnips and gather for themselves. We are willing to admit this, but, at the same time, remark, that all do not let their stock run out among them during the winter, but gather the turnips for the cattle; and some go so far as to cook them by steam, and find a profit in it. We propose to give an abstract of a statement made by Col. Scobel, President of the Penwith Agricultural Society, on the subject of steaming turnips for his stock. He stated that he had tried this culture and mode of feeding for twenty years, and that the more he tried it the more he was satisfied with it. He fed them, steamed, to his cattle and sheep and hogs and horses. His cattle amounted, for the last three years, to one hundred head, eighteen colts, seventeen horses, and about one hundred and twenty pigs. He stated that it did not require any more hands or help to steam and feed them out, than it did to feed without steaming. He did not state what the daily amount fed out was, but the expense of fuel was eight hundred weight of coal per week, that being the kind of fuel he used. Of course the number of bushels steamed and fed out to so many mouths, must be very large. He said that he did not fatten his pigs on turnips, but he asserted, what to us seems almost incredible, viz., that he kept all his store pigs in good order by the drainage of his steam vat—that is, the liquor which was condensed and settled to the bottom. He did not steam the turnips over much, merely softening them. His theory is this: There is an acid in the raw turnip skin, which physicked the animal too much. By steaming, he extracted this and softened the outside, which was much better than steaming them to a pulp. He also stated, that when this cooked, they could be given to any extent in any weather, and that they would have the same effect as oil cake or hay and grain. That is putting the turnip up to A. N. 1 among cattle food. He recommended a large apparatus for the business, as the larger the boiler the less fuel it took in proportion.

A Mr. James, who lives neighbor to Col. Scobel, had also, he said, followed the plan, and for five years had fed his horses and pigs on steamed turnips, and he was satisfied that there was nothing so good for feeding store pigs as the condensed liquor which was drained from the vats. It must be remembered that he cannot obtain Indian corn there at a price which will warrant its use,—if he could, he would probably not have made such an assertion; but nevertheless, if the above statements are true, it is an object worth a trial even here, where Indian corn can be raised abundantly.

We give these statements to our readers, not because we know any thing in regard to the merits or demerits of the kind of food spoken of, but as agricultural news, and to let them know what the practice and views of farmers in other parts of the world are in regard to a root that is looked upon here, at the present day, with not very favorable eyes at least. Perhaps some of them may find themselves in a situation to give the plan a trial without much expense. If so, we hope they will do it, and let us know what the results are.

Collars vs. Yokes.

A writer in the New England Farmer, over the signature of J. D., recommends substituting the collar for the yoke in working oxen, and he draws a very pretty fancy sketch of a bright pair of Devons, with a set of elegant harness, with blind bridles, or, as he calls them, eye flaps, decorated with brass plates. We have no doubt they would look very pretty, and if you had an elegant net work scarf, with tassels to it, to throw over each, and a shiny waiter to flap the flies away, the picture would be complete. We have seen oxen worked in collars, and we doubt if they are as good as the good old fashioned bow. Almost every invention for gearing oxen has been tried, from bars lashed to their horns, to ropes tied to their tails; and, after all, public opinion centres down to the use of the New England yoke and bows, as the cheapest, most durable, and very best apparatus that can be used. If the yoke and bows are well made and fitted, we have no doubt the ox himself would say, could he speak, that it is the best kind of harness that you could put him into. They seldom gall him, and are always cool, and not liable to become saturated with sweat or moisture. He can throw his whole weight into them while drawing, and they are comparatively cheap and much more durable than any other kind of rigging. It is true that they probably cannot back so great a load with yoke and bows as they could if a breeching were attached to them; but then they can back load enough, and a breeching would impede their motions, and become foul before being used long. We stick to the yoke and bows. We don't care how handsome or well made the oxen are, be they Devons or Durhams, Herefords or Natives. We think they would look better in the simple gearing now used, than if trussed up with plated harness and hood-winked with eye-flaps and martingales.

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Newspaper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

VOL. XII.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1844.

NO. 31.

For the Farmer.

Salt for Hay.

As the season thus far has been rather unfavorable for securing hay, farmers generally have been advised to make a liberal use of salt, to cure the hay which could not be dried sufficiently by the sun. This is an excellent remedy for preserving hay that is not sufficiently made to keep well without it. Cattle generally have a preference too, for salt hay, even if it is somewhat injured, as they seldom get any salt from any other source during the winter season. From this fact some have supposed that it would be economy to salt all their hay, and many are prevented from doing this only by their inability to procure the means. Such, however, is a mistake,—as it would be giving your animals "too much of a good thing." The grand secret of all the advantage, lies in a change from fresh to salt hay. If your cattle have been kept for some time on good fresh hay, they will then, for a change, eat poor salt hay with almost equal good relish. This advantage is almost entirely lost when it is all salted, good and bad alike. All that is then gained is the better preservation of the green or poorly made hay.

W.

From the New England Farmer, of June 26.

A Trip to Nantucket—Sheep Shearing, &c.

A trip to Nantucket at this season of the year will well pay for the time and expense to those who are fond of the sea air and ocean scenery. The conveniences of travelling to that beautiful and out-of-the-way place, are so complete and comfortable, and the journey made with such dispatch, that we wonder there are no more found wandering their way to this place to enjoy the riches of the sea and beauty of the scenery which the numerous islands and bays on the coast afford.

To get a few days' respite from business, and to be present at the "shearing," we took a seat in the New Bedford train of cars at a quarter before eight o'clock A. M., and soon found ourselves moving at the rate of 20 miles per hour through the country, and at eleven o'clock were landed in the flourishing town of New Bedford. This place far exceeded our expectations in the beauty of its location, size and amount of business. As we embarked on board the steamerboat we observed a forest of masts from shipping; it was said there was no less than 50 ships then in port, mostly whalers fitting for sea.

We passed two ships with their boats ready for sea as we steamed down the harbor. We crossed Buzzard bay to Wood's hole, where there is a stop for a few minutes to land and take in passengers, then across the Vineyard sound with fleets of vessels passing up and down in sight, with Cape Cod shore in the distance. We are soon at Holme's Hole, a well known refuge for vessels in a storm; here we stop again to leave the mail, &c., and then proceed to Edgartown, where we are again detained for a few moments. Having once more put to sea the course is direct. We soon see in the distance the sandy bluffs of Nantucket,—we pass the ships at anchor in the outer harbor, cross the bar, the town is in sight; we are in the inner harbor, there are the canals, we are at the wharf and among the inhabitants who have come down to meet their friends and get the news, and it is 4 o'clock P. M.

Having given up the idea of seeing the island, we take a large cross the island to see the preparations for the shearing. We soon emerge from the town which is completely built and find ourselves upon a large open common, extending in one direction as far as the eye can reach, without a tree or fence, or any other object to obstruct the vision, giving us some idea of a western prairie, the soil very sandy, with a scanty herbage and apparently suffering from want of rain. It should be remarked, that the three fourths of the island is common land on which the sheep and cows range at large. The roads branch out in every direction; they have the advantage of us at Nantucket, there is no working on the roads; when one is worn out they can strike out a new one. The shear pen is about two miles from town, and is situated at one end of an enclosure, containing one square mile of perfectly level land: in this large field we found the sheep packed, spread out like mere dots upon it. We learned that these sheep had been collected from every part of the island, and on Monday what is termed the eastern flock, had undergone the preparatory ablution in a pond near by, and were waiting for the rising of another sun to be relieved from their winter covering. The western flock had gone through the same process on Tuesday, and were drying off for the second day of shearing.

The washing is done at 2 cents per head, and sometimes when a person is particular to have his wool quite clean he pays 2 1/2 cents. The number of sheep now collected and in view was not far from 7000—it was said on account of the severity of the winter the number fell short of what it was last year, notwithstanding the increase of the lambs is reckoned. Upon inquiry we found it was thought to be doing well, if the original number was found to be good in shearing time. We cannot speak much in praise of the breed or appearance of the flock; they are mostly native, small, poor, with a good sprinkling of sickly, scabby ones. We noticed a number dead, and others that looked as if they would not survive the ordeal of shearing. Our readers will not much wonder at the appearance of the flock, when they are informed the sheep receive no attention whatever with few exceptions, save in shearing time. In winter they rove over the island to seek for themselves, grazing a scanty fare, their only shelter from the piercing winds, the swamp holes and hollows; there is scarcely a tree on the island, and but few in town. If there should be a snow storm, it is all the same, the sheep must look out for themselves, they are used to it. The bucks are all taken up in September and kept separate until the 1st of November, when they are suffered to run at large again; thus the lambs do not begin to make their appearance until the first of April. Passing the sheep field, we soon came to the great ocean, and here there is no obstruction until the W. Indies appear in the vision of the mariner. Yes, the great ocean,—the wind has been blowing hard from the southwest all day, and how grandly the sea breaks upon the beach; if there is such a roaring and dashing, and fountaining, and tossing of the spray now, what must it be in a storm?—when the poor sailor is stranded upon the shore, what perils must he encounter ere he gain the land or reach one of the numerous huts, placed along the shore by the humane society for the relief, if indeed such dilapidated buildings can afford him any. But night is approaching and we must return to our lodgings, and be ready for the sheep shearing at an early hour in the morning; a time long anticipated by the young ones who are let loose from school, a time set apart by the older part of the community as a general suspension of business, (except shearing) for relaxation, fun and frolic.

For the Farmer.

Pip in Chickens.

VENERABLE EDITOR:—In No. 29 of the Farmer, you make some remarks respecting my inquiry in regard to the pip or gapes in chickens. Among other things, you request me to run and mind my ma when she calls. Now, sir, I will just say that she tells me to inform you that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The disorder called the pip, gapes, &c., is brought on by the chicken taking cold. The hen runs round in the dew and wet grass; the brood follow, get wet, catch cold, and anon comes the pip. The same would be the case with an infant of the human family thus exposed—cough and gapes would be the consequence. Ma tells me to inform you that she knows this, because she had two broods of chickens of precisely the same age—one hen kept near the henery, and the other roamed about in the wet grass, and her chickens got cold, and lo! and behold! the pip or gapes came on and they died; while the others, which were kept warm and dry, did well. As to your friend's notion about there being worms in the wind-pipe, &c., one who knew a thing or two, instead of going into a post mortem examination, would have inquired where the worms came from, &c., and known it to be a humbug. Many young turkeys of our neighbors, she tells me to inform you, have died by the same means. Mother calls, and according to your orders, I must run, and, of course you will expect no more at this time.

Yours cordially, EMILY.

More old men are found in elevated situations than in valleys and plains.

Contrary to the fears of many, the shearers were favored with fine weather for their operations, and at an early hour all hands were at work driving the sheep to the pens. We sallied forth as soon as breakfast was despatched, that we might witness all that might be interesting in the day's performance. As we reached the open common, the scenery was truly unique and picturesque. In one direction, a cluster of tents appeared in view, ornamented with American flags; at some distance to the right, the shearing pens were described: in every direction on the plain, people in carriages of various sorts, on horseback and on foot, were seen moving towards the centre of operations, or reconnoitering the tents, where refreshments were dispensed.—There is one species of carriage peculiar to Nantucket, which were generally crowded with children or whole families we might suppose were the occupants. These were what we should call horse-carts, some upon two, and some upon four wheels. The old fashion was to have them without springs, and there were many of this description; but an improvement was noticed in the greater part, in their being hung upon elliptical steel springs. These we found upon trial to be a most comfortable carriage. A few chairs are set in them for the elderly part of the family, while the younger members stand up. In one of these literal carry-alls we counted twenty-nine children: while they were feasting their eyes upon the passing scenery and enjoying the pleasant motion of the carriage, they were at the same time gratifying the palate with oranges, candy, &c., looking as comfortable and happy as it is possible for children to look. There were also coaches, cabs and chaises, all filled to overflowing: in fact, every body seemed to be upon the move.

The music of the sheep soon attracted our attention, and some few that had broken away from the flock or had already been fleeced, were seen skipping over the common, frightened by the unusual scene, or anxiously bleating for their lambs, from whom they had been separated.

The shearing pen consists of a large circular enclosure, which is surrounded by small pens with gates communicating from the interior to the outside of the circle. On the outside, sails are spread upon the grass, and a canopy of sails or boards, is erected to shelter the shearers from the sun. The centre in the small pens is divided into three circular pens one within the other, and the inner circle of all is divided again into three parts,—all these different compartments communicating with each other by numerous gates.

The sheep are driven into the first circular space, which they completely fill, so that they have but little chance to jump about; the gate is then closed upon them. Now comes a lively part of the work. The sheep are to be separated and distributed among their respective owners, and this is no small task, when it is considered that there are as many as 60 or 70 proprietors. The men and boys, to the number of some hundreds, commence the work of picking out of the flock the sheep owned by their employers, which are distinguished by a peculiar mark.

The proprietor appropriates to his own use as many of the small outer pens as will be necessary to accommodate his flock, and stands by them to keep tally and open the gate for the sheep as they are recognized and brought to him. The boys appeared to enjoy it very much, as well as the older ones.

After the flock had been somewhat thinned out, and the sheep became more difficult to catch, they were driven into the second circle, in more confined quarters, where the work of separating and distributing was still continued, until it was found necessary to drive them into the inner pens, and here this part of the work is soon accomplished.

As disputes might arise relative to the ownership of the sheep, and from other sources, that "all things might be done decently and in order," one gentleman with five assistants is chosen to direct the movements of the day, and to decide upon any matter in dispute, which might unhappily happen; but we saw no occasion for their interference, as every thing went on like clock-work.

Shearing had now commenced in good earnest, and we took a stroll around the outside of the pens, from tent to tent, and found all busily engaged in fleecing their flocks. We were informed that fifty sheep were considered a good day's work: it was told us that one hundred sheep had been sheared by an expert shearer in one day. The price paid per head was 4 cents. Among so many hands and in so large a flock of sheep, and under circumstances so exciting, it is not much to be wondered at that some of the poor animals should be roughly handled.—We thought that there was not much tenderness manifest in some of the men, by their treatment of the sheep, in throwing them violently from one pen to another. We saw a number with their horns bleeding profusely, and some otherwise damaged; not a few severely wounded with the shears, which by mistake took the flesh instead of the fleece; but as we were told "mutton flesh heals quick," and as the sheep are no doubt used to it, perhaps it is no great matter.

The milch ewes are first sheared, that they may be turned to their lambs, who appeared to be very impatiently waiting for their dams, in a pasture near by. We saw a number of young animals never before sheared.

The fleeces are rolled up and packed in the carts, or piled up in heaps as they are taken off: we were rather surprised to find them so light; we were credibly informed that the whole flock would not average more than 2 1/4 to 2 1/2 lbs. to the fleece. The wool is not of the best quality. The clip of last year was sold at 19 and 20 cents per lb., but now year sales were not before we left, at 30 cents per lb. and upwards. Some dealers on the ground complained that Nantucket wool was not washed so clean as it should be. This was to be attributed to carelessness in part, but principally on account of the sheep being washed in a pond instead of a running stream.

Formerly, a sheep shearing, like a country muster, was synonymous with great rioting; and the temperance reformers produced a happy change in this as well as in other places, and we were pleased to see every thing conducted with the greatest propriety. During our two days' stay on the island, there was a grand temperance fair in progress, thronged with old and young, in their holiday attire. All business appeared to stand still, and riding and visiting seemed to be the order of the day.

The same course was pursued the second day at the shearing pens as on the first. The flock was not so large, and of course sooner despatched. The carriages seemed to be filled with those more adroitly mounted upon the island in requisition, and among them we noticed many fine animals.

We returned home highly pleased with our visit, but have been thinking it would not be a bad plan to form a society for ameliorating the condition of the poor sheep on the island of Nantucket!

By energy and honesty men become prosperous and happy.

Song of the Haymakers.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The noon-tide is hot, and our foreheads are brown,
Our palms are all shining and hard;
Right close is our work with the wain and the fork,
And but poor is our daily reward.
But there's joy in the sunshine, and mirth in the lark,
That sings whistling away over head;
Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,
And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.
We dwell in the meadows, we toil on the sod,
Far away from the city's dull gloom;
And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,
Than the pale faces over the loom.
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and high;
For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,
And the beautiful midsummer sky.
Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, dainty sirs,
And lend us your presence awhile;
Your garments will gather no stain from the burs,
And a freckle won't tarnish a smile.
Our carpet's more soft for your delicate feet
Than the pile of your velveted floor;
And the air of our balm-swarth is surely as sweet
As the perfume from Arab's shore.
Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,
Where freshness and health may be found;
Where the wind-blows are spread, for the butterfly's bed,
And the clover-bloom falleth around.
Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and high;
For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,
And the beautiful midsummer sky.

"Hold fast!" cries the waggoner, loudly and quick,
And then comes the hearty "Gee-wo!"
While the cunning old team-horses manage to pick
A sweet morsel to munch as they go.
The twain-fled children come round us to play,
And bravely they scatter the heap;
Till the tiniest one, all outspelt with the fun,
Is curled up with the sheep-dog, asleep.
Old age sitteth down on the haycock's fair crown,
At the close of our laboring day;
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
May be pure at its "passing away."

Then a song and a cheer for the bonnie green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and high;
For the pitchers, and rakers, and merry haymakers,
And the beautiful midsummer sky.

Sour Soils.

I have just read the article of "A. J. P." in the last number of the Cultivator, and I wish to invite his attention to one fact, which though not decisive perhaps on the subject, is certainly worthy of consideration. This fact came under my personal observation last year, and is as follows. On the farm of Dr. C. S. Button, of Newark, Wayne county, N. Y., there was laid, ten years ago, about 150 rods of lead pipe for the conveyance of the water of a spring, from a hill side over a valley, to his dwelling. The water ran freely for nine years, and then became obstructed. The pipe was examined at various points, and found perfectly sound and unobstructed, except on a part of the hill-side, where an abundance of sorrel grew (*Rumex acetosella*); here it was strongly corroded, and in several places actually eaten through, which caused the obstruction. This fact was the more striking, as all the other parts of the pipe were so little injured by time that even accidental scratches upon the lead remained unaltered.

It can hardly be supposed that the corrosion was caused by the acid actually existing in the plant, brought into contact with the pipe, as the latter was buried from two to three feet below the surface. A. J. P. states that lime, "even if applied in immense quantities," does not prevent the growth of sorrel. Lime, however, has been found greatly to lessen its growth. On the grounds of W. S. Dell, of Junius, Seneca county, N. Y., which partake of the character of what is generally known by the term *sour soils*, and where sorrel grows abundantly, the plentiful application of lime has, with the exception of a few straggling plants, caused its entire disappearance.

There are some plants which are regarded as existing solely on *sour soils*; among these is the yellow pine, which immediately perishes if removed to those of a different character; and even when a body of earth is carried with its roots, it only survives just so long as the roots are confined to this body of earth. The effect of lime on such a tree in its native locality, would be interesting to know. Sorrel (*Rumex*) will grow on land where the yellow pine perishes. Hence perhaps the reason lime does not wholly remove it.

The preceding facts of course are not intended to decide this question, but rather to keep it in a state of suspense, until more is known. The great difficulty of determining the constituents of the soil, and their various combinations, are not always fully estimated; the single fact, that distinguished chemists have made out, as they supposed, some twenty different substances constituting that particular portion of soil known as vegetable mould, and are still at variance on the subject, shows that these are matters not to be settled in a day.

[Albany Cultivator.] J. J. THOMAS.

TO MAKE CREAM CHEESE.—Take one quart of very rich cream, a little soured, put it in a linen cloth and tie it as close to the cream as you can.—Then hang it up to drain for two days—take it down, and carefully turn it into a clean cloth, and hang it up for two or more days.—Then take it down and having put a piece of linen on a deep-scoop-plat turn your cheese upon it. Cover it over with your linen; keep turning it every day on a clean plate and clean cloth until it is ripe; which will be about ten days or a fortnight, or may be longer, as it depends on the heat of the weather. Sprinkle a little salt on the outside, when you turn them. If it is wanted to ripen quick, keep it covered with mint, or nettle leaves. The size made from a quart of cream is most convenient, but if wished larger, they can be made so.—[Albany Cultivator.]

WARBLERS IN CATTLE.—A few applications of strong brine will at once destroy warblers in cattle, in whatever stage they may be found to exist; after which the animal will thrive better, and when it comes to be slaughtered, both the hide and carcass will be more valuable.

RUST IN WHEAT. Mr. William Messie, in a communication published in the Northern Planter, says:—"Wheat sown on land where gypsum is used freely, is certainly more apt to rust, than where it has not been used." Does the observation of others corroborate this?

SOME TRATS IN COWS. An old receipt for this ill which the cow is heir to, is rubbing the parts affected in molasses, and we have known it to be tried in many cases with success. [Boston Cult.]

Saw Mills.

The English gentleman who introduced the use of mahogany, by causing a candle box to be made of it, gave the world a great luxury; but he who invented the saw-mill, performed an act far more serviceable. A mahogany tree, when in logs, has been sold for fifteen thousand dollars; a pine which will produce a hundredth part of that sum, in the most distant market, is of rare size and quality, but to the mass of mankind, it is more valuable than the other, because it is, what that is not, a necessary of life.—The sawing of trees by machinery, is not, probably, of remote origin. The first saw mill of which we have any knowledge was erected at Madeira, in the year 1420; and we hear of another at Breslau, seven years later; but their multiplication in different parts of Europe, appears to have proceeded slowly. A mill of this description was built near London, in 1633; but it was demolished soon afterwards, that it might not be a means of depriving the poor of employment. About a century later, a branch of the York Building Company made large purchases of pine timber, erected mills, and introduced various improvements in the manufacture and transportation of lumber. But the popular feeling against machine saws was still strong. A saw mill set up at Limehouse, near the year 1798, was destroyed by a mob. The first built in New England—and very likely in America—was at "Agamentico," in Maine, in 1623 or the year following, under the direction of Sir Ferdinando Gorges. "I sent over my son," says the Lord Palatine, "and my nephew, Capt. William Gorges, who had been my lieutenant in the fort of Plymouth, with some other craftsmen for the building of houses and erecting of saw mills." The next probably were on the Piscataqua, as the settlers there had one or more in motion as early as 1630; at which time, there were no grist mills, and the lumberers procured their bread-stuffs prepared for baking, either from England or Virginia. The first mill in Massachusetts, seems to have been that on the Neponset, in Dorchester, in 1633; but whether it was built for grinding or sawing, cannot be ascertained. The earliest for sawing, in the colony of Plymouth, we suppose to have been on the Herring brook, Scituate, erected in 1656, and destroyed twenty years afterwards by the Indians. There was one on the Saco, as soon as the year 1633, and one on Mill river, Taunton, six years afterwards.—By the year 1681, there was a second in Plymouth Colony, at Swansea; and in 1685, as many as four were in operation at Cape Porpoise, Maine. Of those in Maine, at more recent dates, we may mention mills on the Androscoggin, at Brunswick, in 1716; at Damariscotta, under grants from Dunbar, in 1730; a mill at Bucksport, on the Penobscot, in 1764; and several on the different branches of the Machias, before 1773.

The curious term annexed to "liberty" to make boards and planks by water power, in the olden time, are well worth a moment's attention. In the grant of the "townsmen of Saco," to Roger Spencer, it was stipulated, that he should build his mill within the year, that all the "townsmen should have boards twelve pence in a hundred cheaper than any stranger," and that the townsmen who would "work" in erecting the mill, "as cheap as a stranger," should have the preference. In a subsequent grant to another person, much the same conditions are imposed and the further one, that the grantee should buy his provisions of townsmen at "price current," rather than of others. The conditions required by the people of Scituate, in good "old Plymouth," we will give as they stand upon the record.

"At a full town meeting of the town of Scituate, November 10th, 1656, free liberty was this day granted to any man or men of the town, to set up a saw mill upon the third herring brook, as near the North river as conveniently it may be, on these conditions, namely: that in case any of the townsmen do bring any timber into the mill to be sawed, the owners of the mill shall saw it, whether it be for boards or planks, before they saw any of their own timber, and they are to have the one half of the saw of the other half. And in case any man of the town that doth not bring any timber to the mill to be sawed, shall want any boards for his own particular use, the owner of the mill shall sell him boards for his own use, so many as he shall need, for the country pay, at three shillings and six pence an hundred inch sawn; but in case the men of the town do not supply the mill with timber to keepers the work, the owners of the mill shall have liberty to make use of any timber upon the common, to saw for their benefit. The said saw mill to be built within three months from date; otherwise this order to be void."

At Taunton, on the proposal to erect a mill there, liberty was given on the condition that it "be not found hurtful to the grist-mill." At Cape Porpoise a town meeting gave the right to set up a saw, provided it was done "within sixteen months, unless prevented by war;" and the applicant furnished his townsmen with lumber for their own use, at "twelve pence the hundred under price current." Another person at the same place, was required to pay "forty shillings rent, as a tax to support Fort Loyal, at Falmouth;" and a third had his request granted, by paying "a yearly rent of fifty shillings," and allowing the inhabitants to saw their own boards at the mill.

The experience of the Old World is full of admonition, and should not be lost upon us. The mountains of Lebanon, to which Solomon sent his "four-score thousand hewers," have been long stripped of their beautiful "cedars." The period is not very remote since pines were so abundant in Great Britain that a woodman could procure the right to use a single ax in cutting them for their less than a hundred years, and not two centuries was a half-grown wood the common fuel in most parts of England. In Queen Elizabeth's time, it is said that Spain sent over a special ambassador, charged with the duty of procuring by negotiation, or treachery, the destruction of oak trees in the celebrated forest of Dean. However this may be, the oaks disappeared by providence during the civil wars. Within one hundred and fifty years, a considerable part of the elevated regions of the north of Ireland was covered with pines, of which hardly a vestige now remains.

A forest set apart for the royal navy, contained, at the end of a century, only one-tenth part of the timber which the officers in the care of it reported at its commencement; nor was alarm felt, nor means taken to replant it, until the quantity was still less. In Europe generally, at the present time, it is believed that wood-lands are diminishing with unusual rapidity. It is supposed, that in Germany, Sweden, Norway and Russia, one third of the surface is still covered with forests of more or less value; but the proportion in the other principal countries is not so large. In France, we have certain knowledge that immense inroads are made on the woods from year to year, because she cuts them for her forests not only timber, but nearly all her fuel. Of the northern nations it is necessary only to remark, that they are the makers of tar and providers of timber for England, and such other powers as have become importers of the articles once abundant at home.

That in America,—a country of stumps and newly cleared lands,—apprehensions should be expressed, as to our capability of furnishing ourselves with timber in all coming time, will excite a smile on the faces of many. Be it so. John Jay, a man as wise as the wisest, and as good as the best, thus wrote to Washington, more than fifty years ago. "There is some reason to apprehend that masts and ship-timber will, as cultivation advances, become scarce, unless some measures be taken to prevent their waste, or provide for the preservation of a sufficient fund of both." And this passage has the more weight, since it occurs in a letter devoted to the suggestion of measures necessary to be brought forward for the good of the country.—[N. American Review, April, 1844.]

The highest price that we have known to be paid in this country, was at about the rate of five thousand dollars for a tree in log; the one referred to in the text was purchased for £3,000, in England, by a celebrated piano forte manufacturer. Of the pine, a plank nearly six feet in width, made from a tree which grew on the estate of the Duke of Gordon, is preserved in that nobleman's castle as a curiosity. In Maine, pines six feet in diameter near the ground, have sometimes been found, while those of four feet diameter are not uncommon.

The ancient name of York. The first on the Machias, was undoubtedly as early as 1768, and within a year after the first grant of land and mill-sites east of the Penobscot.

[Conclusion of the "Mock Marriage"]

Mr. Gilbert stood motionless in the hall till his affianced bride and her companion disappeared amid the oaks; he then turned with a calm, free and resolute step towards the little room where Lida had been left. She was still sitting in the easy chair, sobbing like a child, and tears were breaking like half confined jewels, through the slender fingers that concealed her face.

Gilbert approached with a noiseless tread, and gently taking one of the hands from her face, pressed it to his lips. She started up, and tried to conceal her tears with the remaining hand, while her brow and face and neck were deluged with crimson.

His voice was strangely tender and musical for the cruel plot he was acting.

"They have told you no falsehood, Lida," he said, "I do indeed love you—very much. Will you come and live with me here in this pleasant old house where my parents were so happy? Can you love me and study for my sake, when we are married—for if you can answer yes, to what I have said, with your whole heart, in three days you shall be my own sweet wife."

The poor girl could not answer—she was perfectly overcome by the sensation of exquisite happiness that thrilled every nerve.

"Why do you weep so, Lida? Am I annoying you by these questions?"

"No—no," said the young girl, half lifting her eyes to his face, "it is not that! I am so surprised, so shocked—so very, very happy—she broke off in confusion, turned her head away an instant, and then looked him earnestly in the face.

"You are sincere with me?" she said; "I half suspected that Miss Warner guessed how much—I mean how well I thought of you—and so was trying to punish me with false thoughts; but you, Mr. Gilbert, you could not have the heart to trifle with me so dreadfully—it would kill me, it would indeed!"

Gilbert tried to look in the soft eyes lifted so full of eloquence to his face, but he felt the hot blood rush up to his forehead, and answered hurriedly that he was most sincere, most earnest to make her his wife. He kissed her forehead as the words were uttered, and when she became suddenly conscious that they were alone in the house, and wished to leave it, he drew her arm respectfully through his and conducting her to the hall, went in search of Miss Warner and her companion. They were in the garden, chatting in high spirits, full of laughter at the success of their scheme.

"And how did you succeed? Is she suspected? how did she act?" they exclaimed together, running eagerly toward him.

"As you predicted," replied the lawyer, with a grave smile; "your pleasant little hoax will be carried out three evenings from this."

"But I have just been thinking—who can we find that will play the Minister?" exclaimed Miss Warner.

"Here is a dilemma!" chimed in the milliner.

"Not in the least," replied Gilbert; "I have thought of that already. My friend Morris, who graduated with me at Yale last year, is just the man. He looks as much like a parson as if bred to the cloth—I will ride in to town in the morning, and let him into our frolic."

"There—now all is arranged. We must give her a wedding-dress, Gilbert, and that will console her for your loss," said Miss Warner.

They walked towards the house and found Lida standing in the Hall. She advanced to the milliner, as she came in.

"I am not well enough to work this afternoon—can I go home?"

"Oh certainly! We cannot expect you to think of a trade now," said the milliner, casting a glance of sly ridicule at Miss Warner. "Mr. Gilbert, of course will see you home."

The blood burned in Lida's cheek, but she answered with quiet dignity, that she wished to see her mother alone.

"Then she is not out washing to-day?" inquired the milliner with another covert look at Gilbert and his companion.

Lida could not understand the low malice of the question, so she answered quietly that her mother was at home, and left the party, when they went toward the milliner's work room.

The next morning the washerwoman was at our house very early—she wished to consult with those who had been kind friends to her, regarding the strange proposal which her daughter had received. Mr. Gilbert had been at her house the night before, she said, and every thing was settled for a wedding on the next evening but one. Of course, no opinion could be given after affairs had gone so far; so consenting that "the children" might come to see Lida on her wedding day, our mother allowed the kind woman to depart without expressing any of the misgivings that beset her own mind.

Mr. Gilbert drove by our house during the afternoon, and took the New Haven road. The second day from that we were permitted to visit the washerwoman's house behind Castle Rock.

It was a bright day, and the little house looked neat and cheerful as we approached it, through a foot path cut across a meadow, golden with buttercups and mottled lilies. Lida was gathering flowers from a little yard which surrounded the door in her dwelling, and in a few moments we were busy as herself gathering daisies from the meadow, and the wild honeysuckle from the rocks, which we brought down in armfuls, and heaped on the door-step ready for use.

Before sunset the widow's house might have been mistaken for a sylvan lodge; it was so fragrant with blossoms. The whole dwelling contained but three apartments, a kitchen, and two small sleeping rooms; but these were as neat as human hands could make them. The pine floor and splint chairs were scoured as white as it was possible for wood to become, the little old-fashioned looking glasses were crowned with asparagus branches, where the red berries hung thick and bright as coral drops along the delicate green spray; the scant window curtains, of coarse but snow white muslin, were festooned with wild blossoms and ground pine woven together—while that in the "spare bedroom" was looped up to a single wreath of wild roses and sweet brier, which filled the window with a delicious fragrance. On the little table, in this apartment, stood a japan waiter, with a decanter of wine in the middle, surrounded by slender wine glasses; and a fine napkin was spread over a loaf of cake close by. A dress of purest muslin lay upon a counterpane of old fashioned dimity, that covered the bed like a sheet of snow.

We stood by while the old woman raved her child for the bridal, and wondered why her hand should tremble so, and why the tears

should fill our Lida's eyes so constantly, when she observed her mother's agitation.

It was scarcely dark when we saw a party of two ladies and as many gentlemen, coming along the foot path toward the house. The washerwoman closed the bed-room door; and went out to receive the guests, leaving us with the bride. How beautiful and pure she looked in the simple dress that had exhausted all the money which her mother had hoarded up for the winter in the purchase of a new dress, and her fingers were now divided into three woful over her head was knotted together on one side, rich braids, and knotted together on one side, just back of the ear by a single white rose. Another bud, with the blush leaves just bursting asunder, lay within the folds of sheer muslin asunder, lay within the folds of sheer muslin that covered her bosom. When she placed it there, Lida's cheek grew pale and her hands began to tremble, for that moment she heard Gilbert's step in the next room. It was instantly drowned by voices of Miss Warner and the milliner both in high and cheerful conversation. The sound only caused our friend to tremble the more. But when her mother came into the room, folded her in a kind embrace, and led her towards the young man who came forward to receive her, a soft blush broke over her cheek, and her fingers were themselves in his, and yet could not help trembling all the time.

"Be kind to my child," said the washerwoman, gently, "when I was married to her father, he was prosperous, happy and proud of you. He died and left me in poverty. His child has never heard a rash word beneath this humble roof—be gentle to her as I have been."

The old woman sat down, and bending her head began to smooth the folds of her faded silk dress, and thus she tried to conceal the tears that her own words had unlocked. Gilbert did not answer, but his cheek turned a shade paler, and he bent his eyes almost sternly on the two females who had urged him into his present embarrassing position.

The young student arose. He had been wisely chosen by the plotters, for never was clerical dignity more thoroughly put on. He looked serious and earnest enough to have deceived more suspicious persons than Lida and her honest-hearted mother. He pronounced the ceremony with impressive solemnity—so impressive that Miss Warner and her companion could hardly suppress their laughter at his successful acting.

The young couple sat down. Lida, pale, confused and trembling; but Gilbert sat motionless, and with his eyes bent steadfastly on the two females who were a little nearer the door. They were whispering together. Miss Warner seemed striving to suppress her mirth till the proper time, and a slight giggle now and then broke from the milliner at the exquisite success of their joke.

The washerwoman arose and brought forth cake and wine. Lida could not taste a drop, but she touched her lips to the glass, while Gilbert drained his to the bottom. The milliner was compelled to set her wine on a table, to conceal the laughter which shook her hand—while Miss Warner gracefully drank to the bride.

"And now," said the young lady, setting down her glass, and dusting the crumbs of cake from her white gloves, "as our amusement is over for the evening, we will return home, if you are ready, Mr. Gilbert."

Lida lifted her eyes almost in terror to the man whom she believed to be her husband, while the washerwoman arose from her seat and looked Miss Warner keenly in the face. "You need not look at me so voraciously, good woman," said the unfeeling girl; "if I have lent Mr. Gilbert to Miss Lida here, it was for our mutual amusement; but play cannot last forever, and as it is getting dark, we must go home again."

"Very much delighted with our little party," chimed in Miss Smith; "if you ever get up a wedding in earnest, this would be a delicate pattern. I trust the bride will not feel so exalted, that she cannot come to her work in the morning."

The washerwoman was deadly pale; she lifted her hand as if to enforce silence on the flippant mockery with which she was insulted, and stepping a pace forward, was about to address the man who had violated the peace of her home; but Lida had risen to her feet, and would have fallen, but Gilbert reached forth his arm, and drawing her to his bosom, kissed her forehead, and her pale lips, while he trembled from head to foot.

"What means this?" exclaimed Miss Warner grasping his arm in passionate amazement; "what means this, in my presence, sir?"

"It means," said Gilbert, who lifted his head, and looked firmly around, "it means that she is my wife, my own beloved and wedded wife before God and in the sight of man! Weak, wicked girl; did you believe me so base; so utterly devoid of all manhood, that I should lend myself to a plot so atrocious? I loved you, Lida; at least I thought so! and when I was flung into the dangerous society of a creature so good and lovely as this young girl, who is my wife, I felt that your fears were well founded, that my allegiance to yourself was in danger, I consented as an honorable man should, to see her no more. You were not satisfied with this submission to a just demand—but would have married the dastard for the sake of his property and the homestead!"

Before the last words were fairly uttered, Miss Warner had dropped to the floor in violent hysterics, and some two hours after, she undertook rather an unpleasant walk home through the damp grass, between the crest-fallen milliner, and the young clergyman.

The next day she had the satisfaction of seeing Gilbert drive toward the homestead in a barouche which had been purchased for another occasion, and in the back seat was the washerwoman, in a new straw bonnet and that identical red cloak—by her side sat our Lida, looking as pretty as a snow-drop, a sight which made the village aristocrat rather out of conceit with the "mock marriage"; but we were perfectly satisfied—true, we were obliged to look out for new help—but the homestead gained a capital housekeeper in the washerwoman, and the most lovely, joyous, and warm-hearted little mistress you ever saw, when it received "our Lida."

CHEAP LIVING. A friend of ours, writing from Frankfurt on the Main, Germany, thus alludes to the cheapness of living there. He says: "I have a large furnished room, in a private house, beautifully situated, and with very handsomely furnished, and surpassingly well taken care of. I pay for my room, breakfast, supper and a servant, (!) about five dollars per month. My dinners I take at a hotel, which the custom in Germany, dinners never being served at private houses to boarders." [Boston Morning Chronicle.]

MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1844.

THE EDITOR is absent on a visit to the Old Colony. He thinks of going to New York before he returns home.

Our friends and subscribers, who may have occasion to advertise Probate Notices, can have them inserted in the Farmer by signifying such a desire to the Judge of Probate.

Togus Water.

Have you been to Togus? Togus! Where's Togus? Why, our Togus—a little way from us on the East side of the Kennebec. It is getting famous for its mineral spring, which, will, no doubt, become equal to the celebrated Harrogate Spa, away over in England. We took a ride out there the other day, with our friend Eaton, chief of our Typographical Bureau, who had quite a penchant for taking a sniff of the fragrant beverage, as it bubbled up from the very depths of the earth, cool as a cucumber and odoriferous as a rotten egg—beg pardon for our plainness of speech—we mean as odoriferous as a putrescent ovum. The spring is situated in a meadow, in a very retired stream—for the side of it is a more than sluggish stream, for it doesn't run no how. It is also surrounded by a forest; and was altogether by great good luck, aided by a touch of Yankee guessing, that we found the way in to it. Our friend Emerson, who is now proprietor of the spring, will no doubt put up a conspicuous guide-board to direct strangers to it. We found quite a company there, quaffing, and washing, both the outer and inner man, with the water; and we also found a lot of workmen erecting two buildings, one of them for a bathing house, and the other for a boarding house or tenement for the accommodation of visitors. We believe that the waters have been analysed, but know not what the ingredients are. It contains, undoubtedly, sulphureted hydrogen, and also possesses chalybeate properties, and has proved efficacious in cutaneous disorders. It is getting to be quite a place of resort, and we hope that the enterprising proprietor will be remunerated for the expense that he has already incurred and intends to lay out for the accommodation of those who may visit the place for health or recreation. Many wonderful cures are related as having already been effected by unlimited potations of this water. There is one class of invalids we recommend it to. We think the worshippers and swallowers of Fire water will find it to their advantage to exchange it for Togus water. Try it, if only for a fortnight, it will be some gain. It will keep you cool during a part of dog days if nothing more.

"Give the Devil his due."

We don't like to scold—it goes "agin" the grain—but as heartily as we despise the practice of scolding, or finding fault with the course pursued by some of our editorial brethren, we cannot forbear throwing out a few hints occasionally. There are several "chaps," conductors of newspapers, who, regularly as the wheels roll round, copy some of our articles into the columns of their papers, without attaching the proper credit. There is a Philadelphia who has become quite a connoisseur at this business—he runs an *Express* in opposition to the regular line. These men give credit to others, and why not to us? Is it because we reside away "Up East" in the woods, where people are "green" and don't know "nuffin," and where the sun rises three hours before daybreak, and sets immediately after dinner? This can't be the case with all, for some of those who "hook" from the Farmer live quite as far "Up East" as ourselves. We don't like to call names—no, we "aint a gwine to do it"—but we may cut our acquaintance with some of the craft, if they don't toe the proper line a little more correct. But the "unkindest cut of all" is, to have our articles credited to another paper—and this we have seen quite often. It is not fair to make others father our sayings. We have our eye on an article now, copied from the Farmer into that excellent paper, the Olive Branch, and credited to a neighboring journal. It was no doubt done by mistake. It don't make a "red cent's" difference to us whether people give credit or not—it doesn't injure our paper a bit—but then it is full as well to "Give the Devil his due," and thus keep him quiet. We make it a rule to attach the proper credit; but in endeavoring to do this, sometimes get "sucked in," and give credit to those who do not in fact deserve it—who do not originate the articles credited to them. They lead the article out, it is copied and credited, and the next day we see the same article in another paper as editorial, or perhaps credited to some other source than that from which we took it. This is the way we get taken in, and we presume it is the way others get served. "Vell, vat of it?"

THIS YEAR'S CORN. Our friend, Dr. Briggs, of this town, who, by the way, is always "in advance of the regular line," (unless we except our good Dr. Brew, of the Banner,) left at our office one day last week, an ear of corn, as plump as a Thanksgiving turkey, and "ripened to the full." We have not seen any thing in the corn line, of the present season's growth, quite equal to it.

THIS WEEK, James L. Child, Esq., of this village, brought into the office a basket of English gooseberries, raised in his garden, which were of a large size, and looked "licking" good. These berries are one or two sizes larger than the common moose plum, and are easily cultivated.

RECREATION, FUN AND FROLIC. Many of our citizens are leaving the village almost daily, either on pleasure excursions down the river or to the Togus mineral spring, or on fishing frolics. Lots of them have gone to the mouth of the Kennebec, with their wives and little ones, to enjoy the cool sea breeze, bathe in its liquid, and catch its finny inhabitants. Last week the steamer Huntress made a trip to Damascutta, &c., and on Saturday next the Penobscot, accompanied by the Augusta Brass Band, proposes to make a pleasure excursion to the mouth of the river and a short distance out upon the "ocean wave." She advertises to leave Hallowell at 9 o'clock A. M. Fare, for a gentleman, 75 cents; gentleman and lady, \$1.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, for July, has not yet been received, neither has the August number, which has been out this two weeks. Will the New England Book and Periodical Company please forward the same, as per agreement.

WHERE'S THE NEW MIRROR, Messrs. Morris & Willis? It hasn't made its appearance for two weeks back. Haven't we done the "clever thing" by you, gentlemen?

Cotton Factory in Hallowell.

Hallowell is coming up—going ahead—and if August don't mind her P's and Q's, Hallowell will outrun her, win the prize, and come off the course victorious. It seems that our sister town is about erecting a Steam Cotton Factory, and we hope the enterprising persons who have taken hold of the work will meet with abundant success. We copy the following particulars from the Maine Cultivator, published at that place. It says:—

"A few weeks ago a public meeting was held in this town, and a committee chosen to visit the manufacturing establishments in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York, for the purpose of obtaining accurate information in regard to the comparative cost of steam and water power. After the return of the committee, a report of their examinations was made to the citizens, and it was proved to the satisfaction of all that steam power for the manufacture of cotton goods, is cheaper than water power. Efforts were immediately made to solicit and ascertain the amount that would be invested by the capitalists in town for the erection of a Steam Cotton Factory 120 feet by 45, with 100 looms and 4000 spindles, with an estimated capital, based upon the report of the committee, of \$50,000. We are glad to learn that \$45,000 of the stock was taken up by the town, principally by our own capitalists. The eligible lot of land extending from Water street to Second street, fronting on Academy street, and extending back fifty or sixty feet, has been purchased. The lot is sufficient for two factories of the size contemplated, measuring in length about 350 feet. Some of the land on this lot has been sold at auction, upon which workmen are now engaged in tearing down and removing. It is the intention to commence operations in building immediately, and during the present season and ensuing winter complete a factory of 120 feet front, and obtain the machinery necessary to go into operation in the spring. A charter will be obtained from the Legislature next winter. Another factory will doubtless be commenced on the same lot as soon as this is finished. It is estimated that 100 looms will give employment to 100 operatives. Messrs. Freeman & McClell, of this town, two of the most industrious and skillful machinists in the country, we understand are to construct the steam engine at their establishment, near Shepard's wharf. Mr. Amos Robinson, of Troy, New York, is to superintend the erection of the factory, and will probably be constituted agent after it goes into operation. He is a man of judgment and experience, having been in the business about eighteen years; and his is the only investment we believe, not made by the citizens of this town."

For the Farmer.

I am my own Mistress.

Perhaps there is no fault for which children have been called to mourn so much as disobedience to parents. Many a grave has been wet with the tears of a child sorrowing in consideration of the painful thought, I have disobeyed him or her that lies here. This sin, for sin it is, and a heinous one, is not quite so common with the daughter as with the son, but with her it is much more hateful. What if the mother is in her second childhood, whimsical and petulant, and the daughter of an age and experience to think and act for herself; is this an excuse for rudeness and disrespect? Must her commands be treated with contempt, her reproofs like childish complaints, and her instructions with proud disdain? Will not a reverence for her age, a regard for her long experience, and, above all, a never-fading remembrance of a mother's love, proved true and pure by nights of watchfulness and days of toil, give her a spirit of condescension that shall prompt her to sacrifice to her aged parent's wishes, views, and even fancied wants? Then the happy and holy feelings it brings into exercise!

"And if there be a human tear,
From passion's red-droffin and clear;
A tear so liquid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek;
"Fit that which pious parents shed
Upon a dutiful daughter's head."

For the Farmer.

Idle Habits in Children an Impediment to Education.

It may be laid down as an established principle in the economy of social existence, that a parent is as much bound to provide employment as food and raiment for a child. Because work and food and raiment stand in the relation of cause and effect. Ever since it became necessary for man to gain his bread by the sweat of the brow, they may be said to have been joined together by God, and they cannot with impunity be put asunder; and I am well persuaded that a vile attempt on the part of many parents, to bring up children in opposition to God's most good and wise law of labor, is the cause of their becoming no better members of society. Labor strengthens both body and mind—it prepares the body to hold and assist the mind, and it also strengthens the mind to conduct the movements of the body. Idle habits, or thoughtless vacancy of mind, are great impediments to education; so great, that that useful process can only progress as they are overcome. Study requires labor, both of body and mind. Hence those children who have been brought up to labor are more successful in the acquisition of knowledge than those who have not. And it is not unfrequently the case that those compelled by circumstances to labor more than half the time, will gain more knowledge than others who are not hindered by any such impediment from studying all the time. Now, I account for this fact by regarding well divided and moderate labor as a valuable educational agent. It trains the mind and imparts to it the habit of thought and action. By means of labor the mind is brought into contact with some of nature's agents. And in carrying it on, contrived and executed plans for their conquest. Now the strength of mind thus acquired is retained, and ready to be employed in whatever way the process of education may require. Hence work is a part of education—it trains the mind and prepares it to labor successfully after knowledge. There is another way in which work facilitates education. It has a tendency to impress the value of things deeply upon the mind—it cherishes consideration. If a youth has been early taught that labor is the price of every thing valuable—if his bones and sinews have been accustomed to the weariness of toil, he will feel that opportunities for acquiring knowledge are not to be lost, but that they are to be improved as things of great cost—things that cost labor—things which on no account are to be misimproved. If the above statements be correct, how deeply criminal are those parents and guardians who bring up their children or wards in idleness.

PHILANTHROPIES.

A MORMON SHOT.—The St. Louis Republican of the 16th inst. states that a man was shot just back of Westaway, Ill. on Friday previous. The guard station there saw three men, supposed to be horse thieves, fired on them and one fell. He was a Mormon, and they were retreating at the time. It shows the feeling toward Mormons in that quarter.

A man named Davenport was instantly killed by lightning in Phillips, Maine, on the 14th inst.

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION AT BROOKLYN, N. Y.

About 2 o'clock on Thursday morning, as we learn from the Express, a fire broke out in the carpet factory of Messrs. Higgins, situated at the corner of Bridge and Talman streets, Brooklyn, which was burnt down. The flames extended to the adjoining buildings on Talman, York, and Bridge streets.

The flames raged with the most appalling rapidity, the buildings in the neighborhood, though mostly two and three stories high, being all built entirely of wood.

Before the flames could be subdued, 20 buildings situated on Bridge, York and both sides of Talman streets, besides the extensive carpet factory, were entirely destroyed, and several others more or less injured. Many of the buildings were occupied by two families, and the confusion and distress, consequent upon the removal of furniture, men, women and children, suddenly aroused from their beds, was truly distressing.

The severity of the conflagration will be most severely felt by the large number of persons thrown out of employment by the loss of the factory; 160 having been constantly employed there; and by the poor people who have lost their furniture.

The Brooklyn Star gives some additional particulars, from which we learn that 12 houses were considerably injured or destroyed, on York street; 3 on Bridge street; and 12 on Talman street.

The factory was insured for \$20,000; \$5000 of which was in the Hartford Insurance Companies.—The machinery, &c., in the factory is reported to have cost \$100,000. The other buildings are estimated at \$20,000.

The origin of the fire is imputed, by the proprietors of the carpet factory, to incendiarism. They think that it could not have accidentally originated in the part of the premises where it broke out. There were two watchmen employed in the establishment. They were in the building when the fire commenced, but it seems that they were asleep, and were awakened by the smoke and the roaring of the flames just in time to save themselves.—[Boston Bee.]

FIRE ON THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.—Friday afternoon at 8 o'clock, a fire was discovered bursting out from the roof of the car house, at the Hicksville depot, which soon enveloped the building in flames, destroying not only the house but one of the beautiful cars lately built in Boston, which had been run upon the road but once or twice. We understand it cost \$1500 and was insured, together with the car house, but a few days ago, in one of the Brooklyn Expresses. There was also a snow plough burnt.—[Brooklyn Star.]

The New York Reporter says there are in circulation in that city a large number of counterfeit notes from the Freeman's Bank of Bristol, R. I. Those we have seen are of the denominations of five, ten and twenty. They are so well done that some of our principal brokers have bought them in large quantities, and some of the best judges of paper money have let that they were good. But by examining them at the engraver's through a magnifying glass the defects and alterations become visible and they proved to be altered notes from the Citizens' Bank of Augusta, Maine. The plates of the Freeman's Bank and Citizens' Bank of Maine, are from the same engravers, and very similar in design; and it is our opinion, that the plates of the Citizens' Bank are in the hands of counterfeiters, and that the plate itself has been altered and bills struck off.—These counterfeiters are filled up and signed with blue ink, in close imitation of the genuine.

By the report of the Bank Commissioners of the State of Maine, made to the Governor and Council in 1841, we learn that Langdon, the Cashier of the Citizens' Bank, at Augusta, absconded, taking from the vault \$28,500 of the new bills, a part of which were signed by himself, and P. C. Johnson, the President, and \$60,000 from the hands of the engraver in Boston, which were not signed. This, we suppose, will account for the numerous alterations in bank bills that have appeared in this city and New York, within a year or two past.

We do not know that any thing has ever been done by the Cashier, or an attempt made to recover back the stolen property; but we think it high time that rigid measures should be adopted to find the delinquent, and put a stop to such iniquity.

To protect the public as far as possible, the Suffolk Bank, we understand, refuse to receive any bills from Terry, Pelton & Co's general plate. Let the banks co-operate with the Suffolk Bank, by withdrawing from circulation all similar bills, as we intimated in yesterday's paper, and we shall soon rid our market of this species of baseness.

(Boston Atlas.)

[There is an indictment against Langdon in this county (Kennebec) for stealing and carrying off the unsigned bills of the Citizens' Bank.]

[Kennebec Journal.]

SHAMEFUL IMPRISONMENT.—The Newport Rhode Islander gives the particulars of the imprisonment in Cuba of an inhabitant of that town, which adds another to the disgraceful instances of power misused by the Spanish authorities. Early in the last Spring, William Bisby, a respectable man, whose family reside in Newport, R. I., was imprisoned at Matanzas on the evidence of a negro under the lash. This negro stated that Mr. Bisby promised to give him a gun. After he was relieved from the torture he retracted the charge, and declared that he had told a falsehood. Mr. Bisby was retained in prison, however, and there he remains.

On the 20th of May, Mr. Cranston, the member of Congress from Rhode Island, was informed at Washington, that the President had received orders from Mr. Calhoun to make the proper enquiries on the subject. But, on the 5th inst., he was still imprisoned, and our Consul at Matanzas complained of being hampered by the want of instructions from home.

ACCIDENT ON THE UTICA RAILROAD.—A dreadful collision occurred on the Utica and Syracuse Railroad, on Friday, owing to gross carelessness on the part of the conductor of a lumber train. The collector, Mr. Smith, and an emigrant girl, were so closely injured that they survived but a short time. The passenger train which left Albany on Thursday evening, and Utica about 2 o'clock Friday morning had not proceeded two miles from the latter city when, in consequence of some defects of the locomotive, the train was stopped for a few minutes, and just as the engineer had started the train it was run into by a lumber train from Utica, which it is said was running at the rate of 18 or 20 miles the hour. Mr. Smith had collected the tickets, and was placing them between the cars when the accident took place. He was instantly killed, and the two and a half hours. The accident is ascribed to a dense fog which prevailed at the time.

LOUISIANA ELECTION. We have not yet full returns from all the districts, and we find many conflicting statements in the party papers. Still we can now come to a pretty accurate conclusion. Nine democrats and eight whigs are elected to the Senate.

Thirty three whigs are elected to the House and twenty-six democrats, making 59—both parties claim the other, the 60th member.

Two democrats are chosen to Congress and one whig. In the 4th district Morse, dem., is probably chosen by a very small majority. If so, three democratic members.

The party papers on each side claim to have gained on their opponents. The whigs have gained in comparing with that of 1842, and of 1843; and the democrats on comparing with 1840.

[Boston Ploughman.]

IRON STEAMBOAT ASHLAND.—This fine new vessel is now loading with flour and will sail for New York to-morrow. She is 100 feet long, 22 feet breadth of beam, and 9 feet depth of hold, and will carry 1600 or 2000 bbls. She is schooner rigged, and cost between \$12 and \$13,000.

[Philad. North American of the 18th ult.]

Foreign News.

LATE FROM JAMAICA.—We have received a file of the Kingston Morning Journal to the 29th ult. The excitement which was produced in the island by the intelligence that her Majesty's Ministers contemplated a reduction in the duty on foreign coffee and foreign free labor sugar, was very great. In the various parishes, meetings had been held to protest against these measures. A proposition was made to send a deputation of laborers, or small settlers, from every parish in the island, to Great Britain, to present a memorial to her Majesty's Ministers, to represent the duty on foreign coffee, and to request that the duty be reduced to the same as that on Colonial sugar and coffee.

There has been a good deal of sickness, and an unusual mortality at Kingston, but no contagious or inveterate disease was known to prevail.

Some of the Haytian families who took refuge in Kingston, from the late troubles in that island, had returned in the Royal Mail Company's and French steamers, and other families were preparing to leave. In illustration of the comparative cheapness in the expense of living in the island of Hayti, the Journal says that here, sixteen plantations may be had for \$2, while in Kingston and other parts of Jamaica only two or three could be purchased for that sum.

The population of Kingston, including about 1,100 Haytiens, temporary, according to the late census, is less than 31,000.—[New York Journal of Commerce.]

LATER FROM JAMAICA.—Advice from Kingston to the 1st inclusive have been received. The Journal of that date mentions the arrival of a vessel with some refugees from Hayti, but says not a word of "massacre of the whites," so that the story brought via Key West is probably untrue. The date from Key West is of July 1st, and the latest paper from Jamaica is of July 1st.

The government scheme of importing laborers from Africa to the island of Trinidad is to be abandoned, having proved a failure.

FROM HAYTI.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce learns from Capt. Fuller, of the schooner Charlotte, from Port au Platte, that the Spanish part of the island had just formed a new Government under the name of Dominican, had appointed a President, and were making great preparations to resist any force that may be sent against them by President Guzman of the Haytian Government; all was quiet when Capt. Fuller left. Business was good, and the place was well supplied with Tobacco, which is the staple article.

ST. DOMINGO.—The brig Huntress arrived at Philadelphia on Monday from Port de Principe (which place she left on the 4th inst.) via Turks Island, and we learn by her, that not only at that port, but at all other ports of St. Domingo, as far as heard from, entire quiet prevailed. This intelligence most effectively disproves the account published of "the massacre of all the whites on the island of St. Domingo save the American and English Consuls."

LATER FROM MEXICO.—The New Orleans Tropic has the following intelligence, received by the arrival of the brig Vista, in seven days from Vera Cruz:—

The Mexican journals furnish new details relative to Sentamant's expedition. It appears that Sentamant was shot on the 14th of June, noon, on the public square at Jalapa, with 13 of his companions, who first landed with him, and were captured by the

THE WARREN FLOOD.—The Goshen Republican contains an extract of a letter from Terre Haute, Ind., which says:

"To give you some little idea of the destruction, I will state that 13 out of every 20 houses from Fort Wayne to this place are deserted entirely, and the inhabitants compelled to leave for the high land miles back of the river. Very often in passing a house, you might see poultry of all kinds on the top of the barns and houses, cattle and hogs on some high bluff, surrounded by water for miles. The prospect along the river is deplorable indeed, and must produce an unknown amount of sickness as soon as the waters subside."

KASKASKIA, one of the oldest towns in Illinois, and indeed in the valley of the Mississippi, being settled by French Jesuits, when all this part of the country as well as Texas, was comprehended in the province of Louisiana, has suffered almost entire annihilation. The wooden houses have been floated off, while those built with brick have, in many instances, had their foundations undermined, and have fallen down in ruins. The inhabitants had to seek safety in flight. The Catholic convent at that place, was full of water. The window sash had been washed out, and although its foundations are said to be exceedingly strong, and the building otherwise strongly erected, it is scarcely expected to survive the shock.

THE MORMONS.—Elder Hardy, "President of the Boston Branch," informs the readers of the Times, "that there has not been, nor will there be any one appointed to stand in the place of the Prophet. As it was in the church in the days of the Apostles, so it is now, and will be so; the burden and authority that rested on Joseph will now rest on the Twelve." Samuel H. Smith, the oldest member of the family now living, and a brother to the murdered Prophet, will take the office of his brother Hiram as Patriarch in the church, according to the ancient custom of God's people." So says Elder Hardy.

SINKING OF A RIVER BOAT.—The Havana Faro Industrial records the sinking of the bed of the river Almendares to an extraordinary depth, on the 30th June last. On the 29th, there was a heavy fall of rain, causing a great flood, fairly sweeping all before it. The very next day in place of keeping up, the river fell to a level, three feet below what it had been at any time during the previous severe drought. So suddenly did the river fall, that boats, which at the time of the drought were in the water, were found the next morning entangled in the upper branches. The importance of this river to the city of Havana is very great. It supplies the basin and aqueduct, upon which the city now entirely depends for its water, and fears are now entertained that it may sink so low as to render the aqueduct useless.

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—At all once, on Wednesday afternoon last, a well on the premises of Mr. Jacob Stevens, in Lyme in this county, commenced overflowing and still continues with undiminished force. It is estimated that the discharge is at least sixty heads per minute. The water is cold and very clear. We learn that the well has been dug and used for many years. To enable our readers to judge something of the projectile force of the water, it is said that good sized stones, thrown into the well are quickly ejected. The redundancy of water overflowing the adjoining land, is doing much damage to the crops in the vicinity.—[Norwalk (Ct.) Express, 3d July.]

STORM IN INDIANA.—A most frightful storm passed through the northern part of Wayne county, Indiana, on the evening of the 5th instant. Many fields of oats and corn were destroyed, and about twenty houses blown down. The house of Mr. Merton, near New Paris, was struck by lightning and his daughter, Miss Rosanna Merton, killed. She was 12 years of age. No other loss of life is mentioned, though many people were injured.

The receipts at the Custom house, continue on the same high scale we have before noticed. Yesterday's receipts were the largest ever collected in this city since the formation of the Government, amounting to upwards of \$241,000, which is an increase of \$50,000 over the largest day's receipts previous.—[N. Y. Express.]

A PROFITABLE CONCERN.—The editor of the Boston Post, speaking of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company of Mass., one of the largest and best managed concerns in the Union, says:— "Its capital is two millions of dollars, and in 13 months it divided \$400,000, or 20 per cent. on the investment for depreciation of machinery and Mills \$110,000. Its reserve or profits on hand in 1841, amounted to \$230,000, and in May 1842, to \$315,000.—The profits of manufacturing for thirteen months were half a million of dollars, or about twenty-three per cent. per annum.

ENGLAND.—England stands, without dispute, the first naval and commercial power in the world. Ship and money, the two great elements of superiority in modern warfare—she commands to an almost unlimited extent. Her public credit never was higher.—Her resources are stupendous. The united annual incomes of the people are estimated at £290,000,000, to £310,000,000, more than two years of which would pay off the whole national debt.—Accumulated savings can scarcely find an outlet. In the course of about six years, 1,700 miles of railway have been completed at a cost of \$54,000,000. The length of navigable canals in England exceeds 2,200 miles. The value of British produce and manufactures annually exported has risen, in the course of the last fifteen years, from about \$35,000,000 to upwards of \$50,000,000. In 1834 there were consumed 35,127,000 lbs. of tea, 22,779,000 lbs. tobacco, 7,000,000 gallons of wine, and 3,825,000 cwt. of sugar. In the same year there were consumed 814,000 bushels of wheat, and 35,190,000 gallons of British spirits. On the 1st of January, 1831, the United Kingdom owned 21,983 vessels, having a tonnage of 2,724,104; upwards of 3,000,000 tons of shipping leave port annually. Since 1820, upwards of £40,000,000 of British capital have been invested in foreign loans.

It is to her colonial system that England owes all her greatness. She has spent large sums in defending these colonies, but they have benefited her trade to an extent which has repaid vastly more than the cost.—[Newburyport Herald.]

PELOUS VOYAGE.—An open boat with four men, says the Philadelphia Star, arrived at Lewistown on Saturday after a perilous voyage of fourteen days from Bermuda. The bark that bore them is but twenty-three feet in length, and of only four tons burthen. The voyagers experienced two tremendous storms in the Gulf stream, and being entirely open and ballasted with pig-iron, their cockle-like craft was with difficulty kept from foundering. To add to their misfortunes their little store of provisions, and even their water, were destroyed by the hurricanes, and they must have perished if they had not fortunately fallen in with a bark bound from New York to Charleston, the captain of which kindly supplied them with biscuit and water. None of the four were sailors, or acquainted with navigation and the only instrument on board the boat was a small compass.

They made the coast several days before they could effect a landing, and according to their calculations sailed at least seventy miles along the shore before they made Henlopen light-house. When they landed they were in a most destitute condition, not one of them having a hat to his head, and their clothes had been literally torn from their backs in battling with the ocean. They are not natives of Bermuda, three of them being Englishmen, and the other an Irishman; all were mechanics and workmen, and they arrived at Bermuda some time since, in hopes of "bettering their condition;" in this they were sadly disappointed; the well known calamitous drought and consequent stagnation of business left them without employ, and almost destitute. One of them having, on his arrival, purchased the boat for trading along the shore, he proposed to the others the hazardous voyage to this country, which they have so providentially accomplished. Three of the adventurers arrived in Philadelphia in the steamer Stockton.

THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.—By the brig Lycoming, Capt. Copeland, from Palermo, which arrived at this port last night, we have a letter from R. F. Stevens, Capt. Percival's clerk, dated 21st of June, then one day out from Fayal, (having arrived at Fayal in 18 days from New York,) which states that the ship is in fine condition and does not leak, and that all were well on board the Constitution, including the Hon. Henry A. Wise and family. The Lycoming spoke the Constitution in lat. 36 deg. 54 m. North, lon. 26 deg. 34 m. West, bound for Madeira, and thence to Rio.

Capt. Copeland tenders his sincere thanks to Capt. Percival of the Constitution for his politeness and hospitality in supplying him with medicines &c., and sending his Doctors on board. Capt. Copeland's first officer being dangerously sick at the time.—[Boston Transcript.]

UNITED STATES CUTLER LEGARE AND THE GREAT WESTERN.—The most celebrated of the European steamers has been again beaten. The little iron cutter Legare, just built in this city, being under orders for Norfolk, and the departure of the Great Western being advertised for Saturday afternoon, Capt. Howard was unwilling to lose so excellent an opportunity of testing the speed of the new craft. The race came off between three and five o'clock. The Great Western was in excellent trim, and the Legare fully equipped for sea, with water and provisions for three months, and her coal bunkers completely filled.

At 3 o'clock 33 minutes, the Legare started from the Battery under bare poles; the Great Western being full three quarters of a mile ahead, running before a fair wind, with five of her principal sails set.

At 4 o'clock 40 minutes, the Legare passed the Great Western, and at 5 o'clock 5 minutes, one hour and twenty-seven minutes after leaving the Battery, was abreast Sandy Hook Light House, leaving the Great Western half a mile astern, the Legare not carrying an inch of canvas during the whole run.

The last departure of the Great Western from our port was noticeable on account of her race with the United States steamer Princeton; the trial of Saturday will be equally memorable. It confirms the result which the success of the Princeton led us to anticipate in regard to the new mode of propulsion. We can now entertain but little doubt that the paddle wheel will soon be superseded by the propeller in all sea-going steamers.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—We learn from Shipshape, Me., the following particulars of a dreadful accident that took place on Friday the 12th inst., the circumstances of which are truly distressing. Miss Elvira Emery, and her mother, on that day went to Newfield in a wagon, to do some shopping, and on their return, calling at Mr. Sweet's, a son in law of Mrs. Emery, discovered that they had left the goods purchased at the store and immediately returned for them. When they left, it was their design to pass over a level and good road. But for some reason unknown, the horse took the road leading to Emery's Mills, down a hill nearly a mile long. They had proceeded but a short distance, before the horse became frightened and dashed on at a rapid and furious rate, for nearly half a mile, when he made a short turn, upsetting the wagon, and throwing the unfortunate ladies upon the rocks by the road side with such violence as to break the skull and neck of Mrs. Emery, causing instant death, and breaking the skull and jaw-bone and shockingly mangling the face and hands of Miss Emery, who lingered nine or ten days, and died without being able to give any account of the origin of the accident. Miss Emery has been the last 10 or 12 years a resident of this village.—[Great Falls (N. H.) Transcript.]

TIMBER IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial, writing from Buffalo, July 11, says:— "A few years ago the Boston Timber Company, with Hon. Daniel Webster at its head, saw the advantages that would be obtained from the timber of the western part of the State, and they have since been shipping via canal to Albany, and thence to Boston, and I understand are finally manufactured into various articles for the U. S. Navy. Of the lumber trade generally at this point, I can say it is fast increasing in importance. Several firms with heavy capitals have agents in Ohio, Canada, and the various timber districts, making purchases, and the vessels entirely so freighted at this port are numerous.

The following from the Albany Argus shows the amount of tolls received on all the New York State Canals, viz:—
To the 14th July 1844, (being the first 80 days of navigation) \$992,917 00
To the 15th of July 1843, (being the first 75 days of navigation) \$719,570 00
Increase \$273,347 00
The Pittsburgh Aurora, whose editors are in prison for a libel, contains the following:—"We wish our city exchanges would do us the favor to leave their papers at the jail. We are certain to be in when they are left, so that no mistakes need be apprehended."

One of the Boston Greys, at Baltimore, gave a good toast:—
"The fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence—the heaviest fifty-six in the world—all Europe could not lift it!" Very well said.
A CALF. William Shaw, Esq., of Mercer, has a calf, which weighed when only one day old, one hundred and three pounds. Beat this who can.
A CURIOSITY. We were shown the other day an egg which was found enclosed in the yolk of another egg. It was about half the common size. It is in the possession of Mr. Isaac Littlefield, of New Milford, where it can be seen by any one who has the curiosity to examine it. [Dem. Clarion.]

RAIN.—After a long and oppressive drought, we were visited in this city and vicinity yesterday by a heavy and refreshing rain. It began to fall at an early hour in the morning and continued till about 4 P. M., and heavy clouds still hanging above, promised last evening further relief to the parched ground and vegetation. The quantity of water which fell was .89 of an inch. Since the shower which we noticed more than three weeks ago, to the depth of an inch, there has been very little rain, and not exceeding in all one-quarter of an inch, and all which has fallen in June and July has been less than 1-12 inches.—[Boston Daily Adv. of 18th ult.]

HEAVY DAMAGES.—P. A. Rust of the Syracuse Hotel, has recovered \$7,300 damages against J. W. Webb, of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, for imputing that he in the robbery of Pomeroy's Express.—Webb, being absent in England, made no defence.

Mobs are expensive luxuries without doubt—they are fit trappings for a monarchy, and should rarely be indulged in by republicans. It is said that the expense of keeping the present military establishments in the city of Philadelphia alone, is \$12,000 a day, or at the rate of \$4,320,000 a year.—[Mail.]

LARCENY. Look out for Shad's Eye Co. Mr. James D. Shaw, of this city, had his pocket-book stolen, on Sunday, July 14th, while at the Somerset Hotel, in Anson, and one Hundred Dollars, in five and ten dollar bills, taken therefrom.

Upon his return to Lewistown, he found a letter in the Post Office, mailed at Augusta, July 19th, of which the following is a copy:—"Your Pocket-Book is in one of your rolls of white cloth, that was on the counter, with all the papers in it, except One Hundred Dollars. That goes to the Shad's Eye Company."
"Yours, Shad's Eye."
The thief yet remains undetected.
[Lewistown Falls Advertiser.]

SINGULAR AND FORTUNATE RESCUE.—We learn from the Exchange Reading Room Books, that the schooner Herald, arrived at this port yesterday, from Boston, fell in with on the 19th ult., in lat. 38 40, lon. 72 30, a brigantine capsized and nearly full of water. The schooner Washington, was lying near, and the crews of the two vessels cut a hole through the bow of the brig, and to their great surprise found in the forecastle a little boy, twelve years of age, whom they soon released from his dark and solitary confinement. When found, he was sitting on the head of a cask, with his feet in water, but had plenty of provisions near him. As soon as he saw daylight he commenced singing merrily, and was taken on board the schooner Washington.

The boy stated that he was from Jamaica, but could not tell how long he had been in confinement and supposed the rest of the crew of the brig had perished. The captain of the Herald did not learn the name of the brig or that of the captain, but from the fact that a boat was picked up at sea, with the captain and crew of the brig Sir Lionel Smith, from New York, for Kingston, Jamaica, which vessel was capsized on the 10th inst, and a boy drowned (as was supposed) in the wreck, it is reasonable to suppose that this is the same vessel. If so, the little fellow must have had a gloomy and lonesome prison for nine days. Such a miraculous escape is scarcely to be found on record. [Baltimore American.]

PATRON TROUBLES AGAIN.—The Albany Advertiser of Thursday evening says, that the sheriff of Rensselaer county was resisted in attempting to serve certain processes on the tenants of Wm. P. Van Rensselaer.

The Sheriff—attended by his deputy—Mr. Allen, of Lansingburg, a civil posse of some 75 citizens, proceeded from Troy for the purpose of serving declarations in ejectment upon tenants of the Manor in the towns of Stephentown and Sandlake. When the posse arrived at Alps Corners, in the town of Stephentown, they were met by about 100 men, disguised as Indians, armed with muskets, pistols, hatchets and other weapons.

The men surrounded the posse, unhitched the horses from their teams and turned them loose.—They then demanded and obtained from Deputy Sheriff Allen his papers, which were immediately burnt, and the deputy and Mr. Eastman, of East Nassau, were tarred and feathered; some of the men standing over them and threatening them with personal violence in case they made the least resistance.

IMPORTANT ARREST.—A young man named Samuel Vandegrift, was arrested this morning and brought before the recorder on a charge of being concerned in the Southwark riots. Two witnesses, Wm. W. Wilson and Robert Brown, swore positively to seeing the prisoner washing out a cannon at Queen street wharf, on Sunday morning, and making preparations with a large number of other persons, to take the gun up to St. Philip's church.—Vandegrift was committed on the charge of riot, treason, and being accessory murder.

This case is the clearest both as regards the identity of the accused and the certainty of the testimony in relation to the guilty act, that has yet come under the notice of any judicial functionary. [Philadelphia Gazette.]

GROSS OUTRAGE.—The Philadelphia Gazette says:—"A body of some two or three hundred persons, said to be Irishmen, on Friday night surrounded the house of Mr. Sands, (the Native American candidate for Constable of Cedar Ward last Spring) in the southernmost part of the city, near the Schuylkill. Three of the ruffians entered the house, took him out and beat him almost to death."

TERRIBLE AFFAIR.—Almost, Frederick Md. July 16.—You are aware of the state of feeling existing between Governor Francis Thomas and Dr. William Tyler growing out of the domestic troubles of the former.

They met yesterday at Walling's hotel, on the second floor, whither the doctor was on a professional visit to some of the lodgers; but through William's interference the Governor was held back until the doctor reached the bar-room in his deuce, where the doctor, drawing a pair of Colt's revolving pistols, prepared to receive his Excellency, should he make a demonstration to attack him.

The Governor descended also, and made a spring, like a tiger, at the doctor's throat. The doctor raised his pistols to the Governor's breast, but the by-standers, at the risk of their lives, dashed them apart, and carried the belligerents into separate rooms, for their cholera to subside.

Governor Thomas was subsequently arrested by the Sheriff, and taken before a justice of the peace, and being required to enter into recognizance to keep the peace, peremptorily declined doing so, when he was forthwith—discharged from custody.

The Governor has been about Frederick for several nights past, causing the general remark that he is bewildered from some cause or other. [Baltimore Patriot.]

GREAT HEAT.—Sunday, the 14th inst., was the hottest day of the season in New York, the thermometer in the shade in Broadway running up to 95.

On the 5th at New Orleans the mercury stood at 96 in the coolest places. Six persons received each coup de soleil and died instantly. On the same day six persons died at Cincinnati from the effects of drinking cold water when overheated.

In Baltimore and Philadelphia the heat has been very oppressive.—[Olive Branch.]

AN IMENSE STONE.—The Quincy Granite Railway Company quarried yesterday one of the largest stones ever moved in Quincy, or probably at any other quarry.—Average dimension 50 feet long, 28 feet wide, 25 deep, making 35,000 cubic feet. Weight of the stone 3,181 tons, allowing 11 feet to the ton. The huge mass was moved on its bed by gunpowder. The blast hole was 20 feet deep and 4-1/4 inches in diameter. The hole was to have been 25 feet deep, but a piece of the drill broke, and prevented going to the proposed depth. Four casks of powder were used in the operation. For the first blast one cask was used, which did not crack the stone. The second, one and a half casks, which cracked the rock the whole length, opening a seam an eighth of an inch wide.—The third blast, one and a half casks were put in, which opened the seam a full half inch, sufficient to cut the stone into dimensions.—[Boston Transcript.]

REMARKABLE SURGICAL OPERATION.—We take from the Newburgh Telegraph the following account of an interesting operation performed in that village, by Dr. Blackman, a young physician who has attained a high reputation for skill in the surgical art. The patient, a daughter of Mr. Purdy, of Bloomington, Sullivan County, during an attack of malignity fever last fall, lost by mortification, a large portion of her cheek, together with a part of the upper jaw-bone. In addition, her jaws were firmly closed, so that she could not eat and speak without difficulty.

The first operation was the formation of a new corner on the left side of her mouth, as this corner, with a considerable portion of the upper lip, had been destroyed. Two weeks after this operation, which was completely successful, a piece of flesh was cut from the shoulder, corresponding exactly to the part of the cheek which had been lost, and transplanted to the face. The patient bore the operation, which lasted nearly an hour, with great fortitude. The deformity has thus been entirely removed from her face, and by the use of an instrument constructed on the principle of the lever screw, the contraction of the mouth has already been so overcome that she can easily masticate solid food.

For the Farmer.
The Wanderer.
"And he said, I will arise and go to my Father."
The wanderer, turning to his native strand,
Espies with joy the well known happy land;
Looks forward with delight to that best shore,
Where he shall love, and love, and weep no more.
Dark is the wanderer's way; from God no light
Shines o'er his path, to illumine the cheerless night;
No dewy morn to soothe his aching breast,
No vapors rise to lull his soul to rest.
But lo! bright rays of heavenly hope still shine;
And in their brightness love and truth combine;
And thrilling comes the sympathetic cry,
Return, O wanderer, ere you surely die!
Return, O wanderer—turn to God once more—
Return before the day of grace is o'er:
Thy Father calls; come, his rich bosom share;
Come to thy home and meet thy Father there.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.
Corrected Weekly.

ASHES, per 100 lbs.	Win's straw, 94 @	1.12
Pot.	4 @ 41	
BEANS,	White ref'd, 50 @	.95
White,	Lined, 88 @	.92
1.25 @ 1.50	Stutt's turpentine,	58 @ 60
COFFEE,		
St. Domingo, 7 @ 8	PAINTS,	
Java, 12 @ 15	White lead, dry,	7 @ 7
COD-FISH, 3.00 @ 3.50	Pure ground,	8 @ 0
FLOUR, 4.50 @ 4.75	Extra,	71 @ 0
Corn,	No. 1,	7 @ 0
30 @ 32	No. 2,	61 @ 0
Wheat, 85 @ 100	Red lead,	9 @ 10
Rye, 67 @ 75	Whiting,	11 @ 2
Barley, 42 @ 50	F. Yellow,	4 @ 5
Oats, 30 @ 32	E. V. Red,	5 @ 6
HAY, 6.00 @ 7.00	Verdigris,	34 @ 42
IRON, P. S. I. O. S.,	PLASTER PARIS,	
5 @ 51	per ton, 6.00 @	
Swe. ass't. ft. & sup.,	PROVISIONS,	
4 @ 41	Pork, round hogs,	6 @ 6
do. do. extra sizes,	5 @ 5	
Eng. fl. rd. & sup.,	Clear salt do,	7 @ 8
Eng. fl. rd., 4 @ 41	Beef, cow, 3.50 @	4.50
do. do. ref'd., 4 @ 41	Butter, 9 @ 10	
Horse's rds., 6 @ 61	Lard, 8 @ 9	
Spike do., 41 @ 51	Cheese, 4 @ 8	
Shoe shapes per pair,	Chickens, 8 @ 5	
41 @ 51	Geese, 4 @ 5	
Sweet's steel, 8 @ 81	Eggs, 9 @ 10	
German do, 121 @ 17	Apples, dried, 14 @ 5	
Merch., 12 @ 15	do. cooking, 25 @ 30	
Eng. dist., 19 @ 20	do. do. water, 50 @ 1.00	
Cast steel, 19 @ 20	Potatoes, 25 @ 33	
Anvils, 11 @ 12	POWDER,	
Vices, 121 @ 14	per cask, 3.00 @ 3.25	
LIME,		
Thompson, new ins.,	80 @ 90	
LUMBER,		
Clear, 25.00 @ 30.00	Box,	2.25 @ 2.50
Eng. dist., 19 @ 20	H. green, 1.75 @	2.00
Refuse, 8.00 @ 10.00	SALT,	
Laths, 1.00 @ 1.25	Turks L., 4 @	
Shingles, No. 1,	Liverpool, 27 @ 28	
do. No. 2, 1.50 @ 2.50	Calif., 33 @	
do. No. 2, 1.50 @ 2.00	SEED,	
Clapboards, clear,	Clover, 6 @ 9	
15.00 @ 25.00	Flax seed, 1.00 @	
Hemlock boards, plank and	H. green, 1.75 @	2.00
timber, 5.00 @ 7.00	Red top,	67 @ 75
MOLASSES,	TAR, per bbl.,	
Guadaloupe, 28 @ 30		
Cuba, 27 @ 30	TEA,	
25 @ 28	Souchong, 35 @ 37	
MEAL,	Y. hyson, 50 @ 621	
Indian, 67 @ 75	O. hyson, 67 @ 75	
Rye, 67 @ 75	WOOL,	
5 @ 51	Wool, 25 @ 40	
NAILS,	Pulled, 25 @ 371	
Curriers, per bbl.,	Woolskins, 25 @ 1.00	
16.00 @ 17.00		

From the Boston Cultivator.
BOSTON MARKET, July 27.
FLOUR. We have not much change to report in this article. We quote Genesee, common brands, 4 3/4 to 4 1/2; 4 1/2 to 4 3/4; Michigan, 4 3/4 to 4 1/2; Georgetown, 4 1/2 to 4 3/4.
GRAIN. Corn has advanced a little, arrivals being small. Sales of Southern yellow flat at 49 1/2 to 50; White 48; Pennsylvania round, 53c. Sales of Northern rye at 63c; Northern oats at 33c; and Southern 32c, cash.
WOOL. — 43 @ 45
— 44 @ 46
— 45 @ 48
— 46 @ 50
— 47 @ 52
— 48 @ 55
— 49 @ 58
— 50 @ 60
— 51 @ 62
— 52 @ 65
— 53 @ 68
— 54 @ 70
— 55 @ 72
— 56 @ 75
— 57 @ 78
— 58 @ 80
— 59 @ 82
— 60 @ 85
— 61 @ 88
— 62 @ 90
— 63 @ 92
— 64 @ 95
— 65 @ 98
— 66 @ 100
— 67 @ 102
— 68 @ 105
— 69 @ 108
— 70 @ 110
— 71 @ 112
— 72 @ 115
— 73 @ 118
— 74 @ 120
— 75 @ 122
— 76 @ 125
— 77 @ 128
— 78 @ 130
— 79 @ 132
— 80 @ 135
— 81 @ 138
— 82 @ 140
— 83 @ 142
— 84 @ 145
— 85 @ 148
— 86 @ 150
— 87 @ 152
— 88 @ 155
— 89 @ 158
— 90 @ 160
— 91 @ 162
— 92 @ 165
— 93 @ 168
— 94 @ 170
— 95 @ 172
— 96 @ 175
— 97 @ 178
— 98 @ 180
— 99 @ 182
— 100 @ 185
— 101 @ 188
— 102 @ 190
— 103 @ 192
— 104 @ 195
— 105 @ 198
— 106 @ 200
— 107 @ 202
— 108 @ 205
— 109 @ 208
— 110 @ 210
— 111 @ 212
— 112 @ 215
— 113 @ 218
— 114 @ 220
— 115 @ 222
— 116 @ 225
— 117 @ 228
— 118 @ 230
— 119 @ 232
— 120 @ 235
— 121 @ 238
— 122 @ 240
— 123 @ 242
— 124 @ 245
— 125 @ 248
— 126 @ 250
— 127 @ 252
— 128 @ 255
— 129 @ 258
— 130 @ 260
— 131 @ 262
— 132 @ 265
— 133 @ 268
— 134 @ 270
— 135 @ 272
— 136 @ 275
— 137 @ 278
— 138 @ 280
— 139 @ 282
— 140 @ 285
— 141 @ 288
— 142 @ 290
— 143 @ 292
— 144 @ 295
— 145 @ 298
— 146 @ 300
— 147 @ 302
— 148 @ 305
— 149 @ 308
— 150 @ 310
— 151 @ 312
— 152 @ 315
— 153 @ 318
— 154 @ 320
— 155 @ 322
— 156 @ 325
— 157 @ 328
— 158 @ 330
— 159 @ 332
— 160 @ 335
— 161 @ 338
— 162 @ 340
— 163 @ 342
— 164 @ 345
— 165 @ 348
— 166 @ 350
— 167 @ 352
— 168 @ 355
— 169 @ 358
— 170 @ 360
— 171 @ 362
— 172 @ 365
— 173 @ 368
— 174 @ 370
— 175 @ 372
— 176 @ 375
— 177 @ 378
— 178 @ 380
— 179 @ 382
— 180 @ 385
— 181 @ 388
— 182 @ 390
— 183 @ 392
— 184 @ 395
— 185 @ 398
— 186 @ 400
— 187 @ 402
— 188 @ 405
— 189 @ 408
— 190 @ 410
— 191 @ 412
— 192 @ 415
— 193 @ 418
— 194 @ 420
— 195 @ 422
— 196 @ 425
— 197 @ 428
— 198 @ 430
— 199 @ 432
— 200 @ 435
— 201 @ 438
— 202 @ 440
— 203 @ 442
— 204 @ 445
— 205 @ 448
— 206 @ 450
— 207 @ 452
— 208 @ 455
— 209 @ 458
— 210 @ 460
— 211 @ 462
— 212 @ 465
— 213 @ 468
— 214 @ 470
— 215 @ 472
— 216 @ 475
— 217 @ 478
— 218 @ 480
— 219 @ 482
— 220 @ 485
— 221 @ 488
— 222 @ 490
— 223 @ 492
— 224 @ 495
— 225 @ 498
— 226 @ 500
— 227 @ 502
— 228 @ 505
— 229 @ 508
— 230 @ 510
— 231 @ 512
— 232 @ 515
— 233 @ 518
— 234 @ 520
— 235 @ 522
— 236 @ 525
— 237 @ 528
— 238 @ 530
— 239 @ 532
— 240 @ 535
— 241 @ 538
— 242 @ 540
— 243 @ 542
— 244 @ 545
— 245 @ 548
— 246 @ 550
— 247 @ 552
— 248 @ 555
— 249 @ 558
— 250 @ 560
— 251 @ 562
— 252 @ 565
— 253 @ 568
— 254 @ 570
— 255 @ 572
— 256 @ 575
— 257 @ 578
— 258 @ 580
— 259 @ 582
— 260 @ 585
— 261 @ 588
— 262 @ 590
— 263 @ 592
— 264 @ 595
— 265 @ 598
— 266 @ 600
— 267 @ 602
— 268 @ 605
— 269 @ 608
— 270 @ 610
— 271 @ 612
— 272 @ 615
— 273 @ 618
—

Poetry.

From the Rover.
The Child's Reverie.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.
Sweet innocent! what new joy to thy heart is stealing,
What scene of enchantment is Fancy displaying,
What joys and what sorrows before thee arraying,
To fill thee with gladness?
Dost dream that in some fragrant bowery thou'rt playing,
A stranger to sadness?

Sweet child! what new joy to thy heart is appealing,
What innocent wish through thy bosom is stealing,
What trace of past pleasure is Memory revealing—
What bright spell hath bound thee?
Dost dream that at Pleasure's rich shrine thou art kneeling,
With fairies around thee?

Ah! ne'er hast thou dream'd that the season is nigh,
When pleasure as now will not brighten thine eye—
When sorrow and sadness shall cease thee to sigh,
And when thou art in bloom;
When thy innocent joys one by one will all die,
Alas! in thy bloom.

Still smile, gentle one—for thy smile is as bright
As the vision which now is deluding thy sight.
I would that thy thoughts might be always as light
And happy as now—
Nor time ever bring to thy pure heart a blight,
Or a cloud to thy brow.

But no—for the future shall bring with it cares,
Disappointments and sorrows, temptations and snares,
And thou wilt look back on these innocent years
With many a sigh;
And all thy sweet smiles shall be changed into tears,
Such as now dim my eye.

Miscellaneous.

From Graham's Magazine.

The Mock Marriage.

BY MRS. S. STEPHENS.

"Scold, scold, scold, thump, thump, scold, scold away!
There is no comfort in the house upon a washing day!"

Nonsense! I only wish the writer of those lines had been at our cottage by the old bridge on washing days, it would have made him sing other words to the same lively air, or I am sadly mistaken.

Washing day! why it was the happiest twelve hours in the week to "us children." We could scarcely sleep all the night before from fervent anticipations of the frolic which it brought. It was astonishing how our intellects were sharpened, and our ingenuity brought in force to devise ways and means for escaping school on that particular morning. A nice tidy old creature was our washerwoman, one that an artist would have sketched in spite of himself had he seen her wending along the shady path, in the cool morning, with a kerchief of brilliant cotton passed neatly over her cap, and tied beneath the chin. Gray or Page would have taken a fancy to the old woman, even before her sad, mild face came in view. There was something picturesque about her raiment, and her movements were in fine keeping with the dewy quietude reposing among the dark green foliage through which she was wholly revealed, or seen only by glimpses, as she came towards the cottage.

But there was sometimes another object which almost every young man of taste, even though not an artist, would have fancied—for Lida was possessed of a beauty so soft and delicate, that it seemed natural to the green woods, almost as the flowers that spring to life and perish there. Lida—sweet, pretty Lida—as we always called her, was a girl of some ten years old, when I could remember of her coming to the house with her mother—and she is almost the first object that I can remember—for she was just the creature to fasten herself on the mind of a child whose instinct it was to love the beautiful, and be grateful for kindness. Lida came with her mother every week for many a year; and it was to her that our washing-day owed all its cheerfulness. The old woman brought her girl to "take care of the children," she said; and such as she took to make us happy, was never so successfully excited by mortal being before or since.

A change fell upon our washing-days, the old woman came as usual, but, alas! Lida, dear Lida, no longer helped us gather sticks, from the drift heaps, or allowed her ringing laugh to set the birds a chirping, from sympathy, in the pine woods. Lida was an apprentice now, learning the milliner's trade, on Falls Hill.

But sometimes the young girl would start early, and come with her mother for a few moments Monday mornings; but she seemed more thoughtful than formerly, and there was something peculiarly sweet in her smile, which was more beautiful even than her pure, bird-like laugh. Her complexion settled into that clear pearly white which carries the idea of mental purity with it, while it indicates perfect health quite as truly as the richest bloom. Her eyes were very changeable, and shaded by the longest and most jetty lashes you ever saw; while her little mouth was bright and red as a ripe strawberry. When she smiled much, a dimple settled on her cheek and round her mouth, like the shadow of a honey-bee when hovering around a lily; and when Lida was seventeen, and had begun her apprenticeship, it was pleasant to observe how lively the child had become as she approached the threshold of womanhood.

The milliner's shop where Lida worked, was in the second story of a dry-goods store, near the Episcopal church. There were two rooms in front, separated by a narrow entry; and as Miss Smith, the milliner, always took a remarkable fancy for fresh air whenever lawyer Gilbert was in the opposite room, and insisted that the door should be left open, Lida was hours together that she could not lift her eyes without knowing that a young man, rather handsome, and with singularly fine eyes, sat within the adjoining room; though she never looked directly at him, or could see the least indication that he took any advantage of Miss Smith's liberality regarding the door.

Miss Smith was a town-bred, dashing milliner, rather social, and ready to impart information regarding former conquests in town, even to her apprentice girls, so long as they were content to admire and wonder at a respectful distance; but amid all her condescension she never once allowed "our Lida" to forget the immeasurable distance that existed between a bleach-box and a wash-tub. She sat before her two apprentice girls, with one foot resting on the top of a bonnet-block, twisting up little bows of ribbon, and admiring the effect, like Calypso her nymphs—that is, supposing the goddess had ever condescended to

become useful without the least shadow of necessity, as Miss Smith affirmed was the case with herself.—Sometimes the lady would quietly steal a glance through her black ringlets to observe if the lawyer were remarking the elegance of her position; and as the girls seldom lifted their eyes in that direction, it was easy to indicate the force of her charms by exclamations of Dear me! I wonder why Mr. Gilbert is always looking this way! What can he find so interesting? I really wish he would not sit so exactly against the door!

Had the girls looked towards the lawyer's office at such times, they would have seen him tranquilly pouring over a very new volume in paper binding, with his back toward the door, his chair balanced on two legs, and his feet resting on the edge of a table covered with law books in sheepskin backs, perfectly untarnished, a pair of boxing-gloves, a flute, quantities of writing-paper, and pens without number. If Mr. Gilbert really was attracted by the bold, black eyes which were so often bent upon him, or the beauty of a neck more than usually exposed when the weather was warm enough for doors to be left open, he was enough of a lawyer to avoid the observation of witnesses to his delinquencies; and though Miss Smith's evidence passed very well before her elder apprentice, and dear, unsophisticated Lida, it was good for nothing in a court of law, and no damages were likely to follow.

It would have been a very unprincipled thing in the young lawyer, had the deep frowns and pretty cap, which Miss Smith set for him, taken effect—for he was already engaged to a younger lady who had just returned from a boarding-school in New Haven; and the fine old homestead, which stood a little back from the church, embowered in a grove of oaks, and with an old fashioned flower garden attached, was at that very moment tumultuous with the noise of workmen who were preparing it for the reception of a bride—lawyer Gilbert's bride.

Once or twice, Mr. Gilbert did actually lift his eyes from the paper-bound volume, when his position admitted of the effort without too much trouble, and looked earnestly into the milliner's room, but as Miss Smith leaned her head, and cast a side glance through the interstice thus made between two of her longest curls, she saw that his eyes were fixed not on her, but on the drooping lids and dark lashes of Lida, the washerwoman's daughter.

He might well gaze on the innocent picture of that young girl, as she sat on a low stool, bending over her work with her dark hair twisted in a single massive braid around her finely moulded head, her tiny foot creeping out from the folds of her calico dress, and her small hand fluttering about the rose colored silk she was sewing, like a bird coquetting with a flower. And the milliner might, indeed, experience an uncomfortable sensation as she turned her kindling eyes on the unconscious possessor of so much loveliness—especially as lawyer Gilbert never turned a page that afternoon without stealing a look at the gentle girl from over the top of his volume.

The next morning Lida was banished to a front window directly out of range with the door. The prettiest prospect imaginable lay before it; and the poor girl was delighted with the change.—Bred to the fields as she had been, it was so pleasant to look up from her work now and then, and rest her aching eyes with a glance at the green trees, and the cool blue sky beyond.—She was very grateful for the change in her position, and thanked the milliner so sweetly again and again, that the lady really began to applaud herself for having done a kind action—a sensation which, from its extreme novelty, must have been exceedingly agreeable.

Directly before Lida's window was a closely trampled greenward, divided by the highway as it curved up from the valley. Opposite stood a huge willow tree, with a profusion of delicate foliage drooping over its heavy branches to the ground. Behind this tree was a two-story house, white as a snow-drift, and surrounded by those thickets; a large portico was over the front door, and around one of its slender pillars a single honeysuckle-vine had twisted itself like a wreath. The house was so near that Lida could almost count the crimson blossoms from her seat by the window, and when a young girl would come into the portico with a book, which she never read, or an embroidery-frame, which she never used, Lida would ply her needle with great diligence and blush to be so earnestly regarded by the most accomplished and haughty girl in our village. She knew this young lady was the intended bride of Mr. Gilbert, but never dreamed that it was his presence near a window, with his flute, that drew Miss Warner's attention to the building. Poor Lida! in the innocence of her heart, she was beginning to think that the boarding-school graduate had taken a fancy to her, and was desirous of an acquaintance.

In order to interest lawyer Gilbert, Miss Smith had already exhausted all positive means of attack. She had sent to his room for a volume of Byron, she doated on his poetry, it was so soft, and would be obliged if Mr. Gilbert favored her by the loan of Childe Harold, or Manfred, or his comedies.

Mr. Gilbert returned answer that his copy of Byron was sent to Miss Warner across the way.

Miss Smith's compliments again. "Would Mr. Gilbert oblige her by playing that lovely air once more, Miss Smith was so delighted with it."

Mr. Gilbert unscrewed his flute, laid it on the table, and then returned his most respectful compliments to Miss Smith, but the physician had forbidden him to practice more than fifteen minutes at a time, under any circumstances.

The milliner could hit on no other device, so she gave an additional flourish to her dress, let down a ringlet of more subduing length from her hair, moved her work-table directly opposite the door, and had resolved on a siege, the success of which must depend on her own personal attractions; when Lida became an apprentice, and was banished to the window.

During the four days that followed the punishment intended for Lida, Miss Smith was in fine spirits. Mr. Gilbert not only looked at her more than twenty times a day, but on one step toward the door, as if tempted to enter. But he changed his mind, and in a few minutes Lida saw him cross the highway, enter the white portico opposite, and sit down by the young lady who was loitering away the morning in his shade.

The next day it rained, and everything looked dull and miserable. The water-drops pattered ceaselessly against the windows, and the

old willow stood on the green with its branches drooping to the earth, like the plumage of a great bird that could find no shelter. The room was cold and cheerless. Miss Smith sat by her table, disappointed and cross. The moist air which swept in from the entry, took the stiffness from her limbs, and if she closed the door, all hopes of seeing the lawyer were at an end for the day. She would have submitted to the faded lustre of her goods, but when the damp had taken her ringlets out of curl, and began to chill her neck, she flung a shawl over her shoulders, tore up a bonnet pattern to roll her hair in, and putting on the worst of tempers with her altered looks, ordered the doors closed, and determined to make a miserable day of it.

A knock at the door.
"Come in," said Miss Smith; "Lida, go and get the black crape bonnet you altered yesterday, the boy has come after it, I suppose."

Lida had scarcely time to lay down her work, when the door opened and Mr. Gilbert walked quietly into the room.

Miss Smith blushed crimson, dropped her shawl, and seemed tempted to commence deprecations on the curl-papers forthwith. Lida took up her work again, and Mr. Gilbert sat down amid a torrent of compliments from Miss Smith and began to turn over a volume of Byron, which he had brought in his hand.

He had done himself the pleasure of bringing the book which Miss Smith desired.

Miss Smith was delighted—would Mr. Gilbert oblige her by reading a few pages, if he was not too much engaged—she had been informed that he read beautifully.

Mr. Gilbert would be too happy, but the light was so dim that he must sit by the window—so moving his chair with the self-possession of a man accustomed to having his own way—he sat down within a few paces of Lida. She did not look up, but the most delicate of all blushes broke into her cheek, and the young man saw that her fingers were a little tremulous, as she bent diligently over her work. He seemed busy searching for a favorite poem, and Miss Smith took advantage of the opportunity to let down a quantity of black hair, which the mutilated pattern had failed to render more than wavy, and giving her frowns a light shake, she drew her chair to the window, ordered Lida to place a block for her feet, and folding her hands with a graceful languor composed herself to listen.

It would be quite superfluous to say how many times the sensitive Miss Smith lifted her hands, and exclaimed—"Beautiful! Exquisite! Oh! how sweet!" while the reading of Childe Harold went on; or to give any description of the color which glowed and deepened in the cheek of our Lida, and the pleasure which filled those soft eyes till they sparkled like gems beneath her drooping lashes. But it is quite unnecessary to inform the reader that after this rainy day, Mr. Gilbert was a constant visitor at the milliner's shop—that he read Childe Harold quite through, and when Miss Smith solicited some of the shorter poems, he looked at Lida and answered no—he would read them to Miss Smith, but not there. Miss Smith was delighted with this indication that her neighbor desired a *tele-a-tele*, and Lida who had heard Byron for the first time—though she had read more than most girls of her age—was quite unconscious of the compliment paid to her purity of character in the denial. The lawyer had a large library, and there was no lack of books for perusal. Lida seldom spoke while he was reading, but it was pleasant for an indolent and refined man like Gilbert to study the changes of her sweet face. It was like a volume of "unwritten poetry," which no one could read but himself. In less than a week his easy chair was wheeled into the milliner's room every day, and he was quite domesticated among the straw trimmings, scraps of satin, and pasteboard chips, that littered the floor.

A sense of aristocratic distinction is a remarkable pleasant feeling, but in order to enjoy it perfectly, there must be some companionship. It was very pleasant and agreeable for Miss Warner to return from a four years' residence at school, to be the richest and most accomplished belle of a country village. It was pleasant to be engaged to a wealthy and handsome young man like Gilbert, but as she did not care for books, had no one but a widowed mother to bestow the flattery which schoolmates bated her one with the other, as she detested all useful employment, it was to be expected that her time must pass somewhat heavily especially after the first objects that presented themselves when she went to lounge away her mornings in the portico, where the sweet face of our Lida bent over her work, by the opposite window, and just beyond, the dark locks and white forehead of her own affianced husband. Miss Warner was not absolutely jealous but she was very, and so, very naturally enough, began to think it just possible that the country milliner might have received something worth looking at from town. One morning, she was seen crossing the highway, elaborately dressed, with peach blossom gloves on her pretty hands, and a deep fringed parasol guarding her face from the sun. There was a great deal of artificial grace in her step as she glided over the green sward, and the little affected knock which she gave to the milliner's door was eloquent of high breeding. Then there was the patronizing bend to Miss Smith, the gracefully extended hand to Gilbert, and the quiet stare at poor Lida, who sat blushing like a guilty thing by the window. Gilbert touched his lips to her peach blossom glove, but when he saw the supercilious look fixed on Lida, he dropped it again, and a dash of color swept over his forehead.—Miss Smith was full of delight, exhibited all her finery, and distilled more flattery into a conversation of fifteen minutes, about blue ribbons and leghorn hats, than was ever bestowed in the same time on those ladies who purchase it by the year, in the form of "a humble companion."

Miss Warner's dignity was not of an order to withstand this incense to her vanity, and even if her affianced husband had not been a constant visitor, it is doubtful if the honey-suckle portico would not soon have been abandoned for the milliner's room and its gossiping freedom.

In less than a fortnight, the peach blossom gloves were soiled by constant use, and if Gilbert was a feature in the milliner's shop, his lady-love haunted it almost as regularly as he did. She thought Miss Smith "such a nice creature—such a dear, good soul—so capable of appreciating true elegance of manner—so very tasteful in her bonnets and fancy caps."—It was beautiful to see how condescending the sated Miss became, how useful she made herself in snipping up little bits of satin, and how

prettily she would ask Gilbert if he did not think she would make a good milliner, if she should not learn the trade, and other important questions, which must have diversified the passage of Milton and Young, which he was reading with an agreeable variety.

The jealousy which springs from affection painfully aroused, cannot be divested of generosity; but that which arises from mortified vanity, is bitter and implacable. It was not long before Miss Smith became convinced that the gentle girl who sat listening with such intense interest to every word that dropped from the eloquent lips of lawyer Gilbert, was his sole attraction to the room, and a few adroit words to his affianced bride were enough to arouse her attention to the damask color that came and went in the poor girl's cheek whenever young Gilbert addressed her.

"Artful wretch!" muttered the future bride, setting her pearl white teeth passionately together as she spoke, "she thinks of attracting him!" and with a scornful laugh, in which the milliner joined, she began practicing her steps in a distant corner of the room.

Gilbert went home that night with his affianced bride, and the next day he sent in a book for Lida, but avoided the milliner's room altogether. The young apprentice only saw him as he crossed the green toward the building; his countenance was very serious and he seemed to avoid looking toward the window.

Just at night Miss Warner came in. She took the milliner into a distant part of the room and as they conversed in low voices, a scornful laugh now and then reached the apprentice, who had become nervous and sensitive, she scarcely knew why. Miss Smith followed her visitor to the entry.

"It is well I mentioned it in time," she said, in a confidential whisper.

Miss Warner tore her glove as she attempted to draw it on.

"A pretty speculation for a washerwoman's daughter!" she said with a curling lip.

"But he cared nothing about her!" rejoined Miss Smith a little anxiously.

"No indeed; he was quite angry at the charge, and consented to stay from your room forever, if I desired it."

"She would have made a splendid mistress for the homestead yonder," rejoined Miss Smith, with another low disagreeable laugh; "it is almost a pity she failed in her aim upon it."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the bride, with a light mocking laugh, "but no, no—I should not so much regard seeing him the son-in-law of a washerwoman, but it would break my heart to know that any one but myself was mistress of the homestead and property."

"Hark! did you not hear some one moving in his office?" said the milliner, listening apprehensively.

Miss Warner listened a moment, and then answered, in a faint voice—

"No; it cannot be. I saw him going to the house just as I came in."

"Let us move away from this door, there is no harm in that," whispered Miss Smith, and they walked down the entry conversing together. After a little while, the sound of their half-suppressed laughter filled that little apartment.

"It would be a capital joke!" said the milliner.

"Just the punishment she deserves, presumptuous creature!" was the reply.

"But can you persuade him to join us?" was the next question.

"He shall!"

Gilbert was standing that night in the little portico of his bride's dwelling. It was a lovely evening; every thing was deluged with a flood of pearly moonlight, and the dew lay like rain drops among the crimson flowers which shed a rich fragrance from the honeysuckle vine. She was by his side, his arm had been around her waist, and but a few moments before his eyes had been with tender and affectionate earnestness on her face, but now his arms were folded, and he looked sternly upon her.

"Do you really desire this, Louisa?" he said, in a deep, constrained voice; "would you ever respect me again, if I could do so cruel, so unmanly an act?"

"I will never love you again, if you do not!" was the petulant reply.

An expression almost of disgust swept over the young man's face, and his lips trembled as he spoke.

"Tell me, have you been to Miss Smith's room to day?" he inquired.

"Yes—I was there just at sunset. But why do you ask?"

"No matter! Have you thought this poor over; are you resolved to deceive this poor girl?"

"Resolute!"

"And you are willing that I devote myself to win her affections?"

"They are already given, without the trouble of asking."

Gilbert's brow contracted in the moonlight, and the word "Unwillingly!" was smothered between his compressed lips.

"And you will assist me—will tell her that you resign all claims on my hand—on the homestead and property?" he added, with a slight and bitter emphasis on the last words.

She did not observe it, but answered eagerly—

"Yes—yes; I will do my part to perfection—how mortifying the truth will be when she thinks herself Mrs. Gilbert and finds that it is all a joke."

"But think of the shock it will give her pride and delicacy!"

"Add refinement; pray add refinement!" said the young girl, scornfully; "pride, delicacy and refinement are such common attributes to the daughters of our washerwomen!"

"You are only doing this to annoy me," said the young man; "so good night, you will throw off the cruel wish before morning."

"Shall I?" replied the girl, with a slow bend of the head.

Gilbert turned away, and taking up his hat, was about to leave the house, but she laid her hand on his arm, and looked smilingly in his face.

"They tell me the house is finished—will you take me to look at it in the morning?"

"If you desire it," was the cold and abstracted reply.

"Well, I shall be ready to attend. Good night!" and gaily kissing her hand, the young creature glided into the house.

"It was her voice then, and she was planning this design with that infamous milliner. I would not believe my own senses, till she confirmed them. But she will not persist in anything so cruel: it is absurd to suppose so.

If she does; if she does: I will obey her."

As he muttered these words, the young man walked slowly from the house.

How melancholy poor Lida had been all the previous day; how many strange conjectures had passed through her brain regarding the remarkable absence of Mr. Gilbert. They haunted her all night, and in the morning, when she came along the foot-path through the fields, tears stood in her eyes more than half the way. She had cast many a sad, earnest gaze through the shop-window, before she saw Gilbert and Miss Warner coming through the opposite portico. The sight made the heart struggle with a throb of pain in Lida's bosom, and a mist came over her eyes till they could scarcely discern the needle with which she seemed occupied. They were coming toward the shop, and the sound of footsteps in the entry made the young girl tremble in her seat.

"Come," said Miss Warner, addressing the milliner, "put on your bonnet. We are going up to the house and want your opinion."

Miss Smith ran for her bonnet, and for the first time in her life, the young lady addressed the apprentice.

"Get your sun-bonnet," she said, "you can go with us."

The blood rushed over Lida's face, and she would have refused; but Miss Warner whispered a word to her lover, and he pressed Lida to go with such respectful earnestness, that she arose, tied on her little straw cottage, and was ready to attend them before Miss Smith made her appearance.

The homestead was a large and superior old mansion for a country village. Its material was heavy, and touched with the brown tinge of age; the trees around it were majestic, and its shrubbery luxuriant; its furniture was that of another century, old fashioned and massive, but Gilbert had interspersed it with chairs and tables of lighter and more recent model; and the gloom which low ceilings give to an apartment was relieved by tall mirrors and modern windows, which were cut from ceiling to floor.

Altogether, it was the dwelling which a domestic and studious person would have preferred above all others.

Lida had never seen anything half so splendid before, but there was a heavy feeling at her heart which mere novelty could not dispel. She followed her conductors up the broad stairs, heard them admire the ballusters of dark mahogany, and walked through the chambers like one in a dream.—She was pale, bewildered and sick at heart, almost for the first time in her life.

There was one room on the first floor which Gilbert had fitted up exclusively for his bride. It had but one bay window, which opened upon the most verdant nook of the old fashioned garden; and this window required no drapery, for an immense white rose-tree was trained along the casement, till a profusion of thick green leaves and snowy blossoms dropped like a curtain over the upper part, and when the sash was open a storm of fragrant leaves fell like snow flakes all over the rich old easy chairs and moss-like carpet which decorated the room. On a curious little table, with legs carved and twisted together like a knot of serpents, lay a guitar, with an azure ribbon just attached, and yet unused; a superb old book-case, crowded with newly-bound volumes, stood opposite the bay window, and a little French work-table, perfectly new, occupied a corner close by.

Miss Warner flung herself on a seat, and taking up the guitar, began to trifle with the strings, as she turned with an unpleasant smile towards Lida.

"How would you like this room for your own?" she said.

"Me?" said Lida, faintly; "I have never dreamed of living in such a place as this."

"But you can live here if you like," replied the milliner.

"My mother was well off once, and she would not let me 'live out' for any thing," said the apprentice, for she could only imagine that Miss Warner wished to engage her for "help," when she should take possession of the homestead; "besides I am not strong enough for very hard work!"

"Oh, we don't mean that," replied the milliner; "Mr. Gilbert wants a wife, and as this lady here has taken a fancy that he likes you rather better than he does her, she is quite willing that he make you mistress of the homestead instead of herself."

"Don't say so—it is cruel to joke in this manner!" said the bewildered girl, turning very pale: "I am sure, quite sure that Mr. Gilbert never thought of me!" Lida spoke hastily, but in a faint voice, and had a look of troubled doubt in her eyes, as if she almost hoped they would contradict her.

"But he does think of you—he told me so last night!" said Miss Warner, "and I am willing to give him up: what harm can come of it?"

"And could you give him up!" said Lida, clasping her small hands with an energy which bespoke her astonishment that any one could resign, of her own free will, a being so perfect.

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert is not the only agreeable man on earth," replied the young lady, removing the azure ribbon from her neck, and laying down the guitar; "I am perfectly willing to resign him at any moment—so prepare yourself for the wedding to-morrow if you like!"

As she spoke, Miss Warner and her companion glided from the room. Lida had no power to follow, she was confused and strengthless; a mist came over her sight, and sinking to a seat she covered her face with both hands, and remained in a state of mental bewilderment, almost unconscious of the solitude which surrounded her.

Miss Warner and the milliner met Gilbert in the hall, and both were laughing as they moved toward him.

"We have broken the ice for you," said Miss Warner; "she is in the little room yonder, quite prepared for a proposal."

"And you are really determined to carry this hoax to an end?" inquired the lawyer, gravely.

"Oh, by all means," was the reply; "it really is ridiculous, the idea of her believing us. I wish you had seen her clasp those hands, and wonder how I could give you up. Go—go! before she takes it into her head to follow us. But I say, Gilbert, do remove that horrid little table with the twisted legs—it is such a fright."

"It was my mother's," replied the lawyer, quietly.

"Well—well it can be put in the garret and kept quite safe. But go along—your lady-love is waiting."

[Concluded on second page.]

Let all things be done in proper season.

1844. Improved Eagle Ploughs, 1844.

MANUFACTURED BY
Ruggles, Nourse & Mason,
And for sale at the Manufactory in Worcester,
ter, and at their
Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,
Quincy Hall, Boston.

RUGGLES, NOURSE & MASON, have added to their extensive assortment of plough patterns, several sizes with new and important improvements, and have by means of machinery, introduced such uniformity in the structure of their ploughs, that all those of the same form and dimensions, all parts of the wood as well as iron, may be replaced with a facility that could not otherwise be attained.

In 1843 the Trustees of the Essex County Agricultural Society, considering the plough the most important implement in agriculture, offered premiums for the best plough, under the direction of a most able committee, consisting of Messrs. Newell, I. W. Proctor, Wm. Smith, John F. Newhall, and Andrew Dodge, Esqrs., a most thorough and experienced trial was had at Salem in October last, occupying two days. The committee in their report say:—"In testing the quality of a plough, the power by which it moved, the ease with which it is handled, and the manner in which it completes the work, are prominent points for consideration." And after giving a statement of the first day's trial, at which there were 17 ploughs presented for trial, giving the names of those who held the ploughs, they say:—"As so much depends on the skill of the person holding the plough, the committee were at a loss to know what proportion of the merits of the work was to be attributed to the plough and what to the ploughman; and as there appeared in some instances a decided superiority of the work beyond the natural powers of the plough, the committee requested the competitors each of them to produce two ploughs, one of large and one of medium size, to be tried on a subsequent day; the smaller size to turn a furrow 12 inches wide and 7 inches deep; the larger size to turn a furrow 14 inches wide and 7 inches deep. The examination of these ploughs took place on the 24th of October. The ploughs were held by members of the committee." The following is a copy of their table, showing the comparative amount of power in pounds required to operate the different ploughs:

Windsor of Danvers, 462 lbs.
Proctor & Co., Boston, 425 lbs.
Ruggles & Co., Worcester, 412 lbs.
Howard, Hingham, 412 lbs.

LARGE SIZE PLOUGHS.
Windsor, 512 lbs.
Proctor & Co., do, 497 lbs.
Ruggles & Co., Eagle No. 2, 425 lbs.
Howard, 450 lbs.

In speaking of the Improved Eagle Plough, to which they unanimously awarded the highest premium, they say:—"As near as we can ascertain, this plough combines all the good qualities manifested in either of the others, with some peculiar to itself; and further, our attention was particularly called to the quality of the castings on the beams of Ruggles & Co., their finish and durability." "Their appearance certainly is more perfect than we have elsewhere seen." "The process of chipping the points, the entire edge of the share, and flange of the land side, gives a permanence and durability to the work that renders it of a decidedly superior character." "And we think there is no hazard in saying the value of the parts thus made, is more than doubled by the process."

At the same Society's Ploughing Match, held at Andover Oct. 3, 1843, where there were forty-four competitors, nine of the ten premiums were awarded to ploughmen using ploughs made by Ruggles, Nourse & Mason.

At the Ploughing Matches held in Massachusetts the same year, forty-three premiums were awarded to ploughmen using ploughs made by R. N. & M., twelve of which were the highest premiums awarded in the counties of Essex, Middlesex, Worcester, Plymouth, and Bristol.

At our Warehouse may be found the most extensive and complete assortment of AGRICULTURAL and HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS to be found in the United States, embracing every tool used in the cultivation of the farm and garden. Also a large and well selected assortment of Field, Garden and FLOWER SEEDS, all of which are offered at wholesale or retail, at prices which cannot fail to suit the purchaser.

Also, PLOUGH CASTINGS, for repairing most kinds of ploughs in use.

Dealers supplied on the most liberal terms. The above PLOUGHS and CASTINGS are for sale at the factory prices, by
JOHN MEANS & SON, Augusta.
April 16, 1844. 16

Sands' Sarsaparilla,

For the Removal and Permanent Cure of all Diseases arising from an Impure State of the Blood, or Habit of the System.

THIS medicine is constantly